

*June, 1940*

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# The Liguorian



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**These Perpetual Novenas**  
**C. D. McEnniry**

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**The Man on the Train**  
**D. F. Miller**

•

**On Writing Letters**  
**E. F. Miller**

•

**Sex Education**  
**C. Duhart**

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## AMONGST OURSELVES

An anonymous writer has taken bitter offense at our publication of the little anecdote in last month's issue concerning a difficult Polish name. We are sincerely sorry to have given pain. The anecdote was used because it seemed amusing and at the same time inoffensive, and because it was factual. The like could have been found, no doubt, for almost any nationality. The Irish, the French, the Germans, the Greeks, the Negroes, and every other nationality and race at times provide amusing incidents, and custom has led to their acceptance without offense. No doubt, however, we should have omitted this particular incident because of the sad days on which the great Polish nation has so recently fallen, to the sorrow of all decent people. With the Holy Father, we believe that the great Christian Polish nation shall never die, no matter to what persecutions tyrants may subject it.

These are days when every single Christian should give extra time to prayer for the world. We believe that our contributions of prayer to the cause of peace in the world are the most important and effective contributions that can be made. Let us not wait until havoc, poverty, disease, starvation and the other effects of war are so world wide that no one can escape. Catholics should be at church often, on their knees every day, imploring God to save the world from its sins and its sinners.

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### The Liguorian

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**LOVE THAT ENDURETH**

Oh, I will love forever, saith the lover,  
Forever and forever and a day,  
The wings of death above my head shall hover  
Ere I shall turn my love from thee away.

My love shall be, saith friend to friend confiding,  
Like mountain rock that tide nor quake can move,  
Like fixèd stars, each other's course ere guiding,  
Our steadfastness the running years shall prove.

I vow to thee, saith wife to husband swearing,  
And husband unto wife,—my life, my all;  
Defiant shall we face life, all things sharing,  
Together shall we walk till death shall call.

O wings of death, O mountain rock unshaken,  
O stars in highest heaven fixed and true,  
O vows and oaths, how oft have been mistaken  
These braggart lovers, pledging love through you!

One love alone no fortune's turn can smother,  
One love alone in life and death shall stand,  
Who loves in God, like God, for God, another,  
He only shall immortal love command!

—D. F. Miller.

# FATHER TIM CASEY

## THESE PERPETUAL NOVENAS

C. D. McENNERY

**W**E CANNOT have the party on Tuesday. That is the evening for the novena service in honor of Our Blessed Mother," Gabriella Flanders reminded them.

"It is not a sin to miss the novena service," Fanny Blessig objected.

"I know it is not a sin; but I am not going to miss." And those who knew Gabriella Flanders, knew that that was that.

"Why such a fuss," growled Elmer Hookway, "about these new-fangled devotions? We grew up without any novena services —"

"Sure, you grew up. But see how!" Gabriella retorted.

"But listen, Gaby," Fanny persisted, "Tuesday is the best night for our party. Why can't you take just one Tuesday off?"

"It would break my novena — my nine Tuesdays," said Gabriella.

"That's not piety; that's superstition," Hookway declared. "There is nothing in one number more than in another. You could take seven or sixteen just as well as nine."

"I do not agree with you there, Elmer," Richard Ranaghan interposed, "even though I am not exactly sold on this devotion myself. There is nothing in one number more than another — in itself. Agreed. But there may be on account of certain circumstances connected with that number. Take the days of the week, for instance. There is nothing in one day more than another — in itself. But since Our Divine Saviour died on Friday and rose from the dead on Sunday, Friday and Sunday have a special value for us, and God attributes special graces to their observance. It is the same with a nine-day prayer. The first course of devotions, of spiritual exercises, of corporate prayer in the Church lasted for nine days — the nine days spent by the Blessed Mother and the disciples in the upper room awaiting the coming of the Holy Ghost. Ever since then a nine-days prayer seems to have an appeal and an efficacy not found in a prayer of seven days or of sixteen days. So there is really something to be said for a novena."

"But this is not a novena," Hookway objected, "It is not nine consecutive days. It is just one day out of each week — each Tuesday."

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"And why not a novena of Tuesdays — just as we make a novena of Fridays — the nine First Fridays?" Gabriella demanded.

"And furthermore you call all these Tuesdays a *perpetual* novena. That," he persisted, "is a contradiction."

"Why a contradiction?" Gabriella challenged.

"Because, in a novena, you make nine days and stop. This, like Tennyson's brook, goes on forever."

"Can't you make nine days and *start* — start another one?"

"Yes, I suppose you could," he admitted reluctantly, "if you are keen enough."

"That is exactly what we do. Besides, anybody can begin on any Tuesday without waiting until the others have finished their nine. I think it is a most helpful arrangement — just fits in with the convenience of everybody. I know lots of people who intended to come just once to see what the service was like, and they continued right on for the next nine Tuesdays and made a novena. That is why the crowd keeps growing and growing."

"Some freak crowd, if you ask me. Take time out from praying next Tuesday and have a look around. You'll get an eyeful."

"For that matter," Ranaghan interrupted, "the next time you are at a ball game or a directors' meeting or a fancy dress ball or a funeral, take a look around and you'll get an eyeful. Do you know, Hookway, why every crowd looks so freakish?"

"No, why?"

"Because it is made up of human beings — a lot of nutty-looking individuals like you and me. We have got used to seeing our own face and the faces of our immediate associates; it takes a jungle of unfamiliar faces to make us realize how funny we must all look."

**G**ERALD and I," Delizia Hogan volunteered, "have not missed a Tuesday since the services began. Have we, Gerald?"

"And yet you are still waiting for the chicken in the pot and the car in the garage," said Hookway.

"Well, we are just going to keep on making the novena until we get them. Aren't we, Gerald?"

"Then St. Mary's Club has a long, long time to wait for the glad wedding bells. And that's my prophecy," said Hookway.

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"That," said Ranaghan, "is the one thing that makes me a little leery of this perpetual novena."

"What one thing is that, Dick?"

"Too much hankering after material benefits — a chicken in the pot, a car in the garage, a cure for the measles, a reconciliation with the sweetie or what have you — setting up the Blessed Mother in the role of a trouble-shooter, so to speak."

"Is that a valid objection against the novena?"

"I am not quite sure whether it is or not. But somehow it just doesn't seem to click. We should come to church to replenish our soul, not our dinner bucket."

"There is Father Casey now. Ask him," said Gabriella.

"I should feel a little shy about that. He might think we were criticizing."

"Well, I shouldn't." And in spite of "Don't! Don't! — Sssh, Gaby — For Pete's sake, Gaby," she was up and over to the priest's side.

"Father Casey, please, Elmer Hookway thinks our novena crowd looks like a collection of assorted nuts."

"He would have thought the same of the crowds that went out to the Wonder Worker from Gallilee. Yet He had a warm welcome for them, as I am sure He has a warm welcome for all those that come to St. Mary's for the Tuesday evening devotions — even though the chesty Pharisees, who kept aloof and criticized, may have been better groomed and easier to look at."

"And Richard Ranaghan," continued the irresponsible Gaby, "thinks we are heathens because we ask the Blessed Mother to get us a job in the packing house or a cure for the pain in our tummy."

"Is it sinful," he turned on the lawyer and demanded, "to desire to be cured of our ills or bettered in our finances — if it is God's holy will?"

"No, certainly not."

"Then why can we not go and tell these desires to our Mother and ask her to put in a good word for us? Mothers do not disdain to interest themselves in the little troubles and the little joys of their children."

"Here is my difficulty. — You won't mind my saying it, Father. Gaby got me into this, and now I must defend myself. — My difficulty

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is this: You seem to use the hope of earthly benefits as a bait to draw the people to the novena."

"Well, did not Our Lord do the same?"

"Yes, come to think of it, He did. In fact, were it not for this bait, very few would have come to listen to Him at all."

"And how many do you think would have commenced the novena, had they not hoped for some earthly benefit?"

"But," continued Ranaghan, "once Jesus had them before Him, He took advantage of the opportunity to teach them. After that many came out of love for Him and His doctrine."

"It is the same with the novena," said the priest. "Just take note of the prayers and instructions and services at the novena. They nearly all refer to supernatural goods: love of God, avoidance of sin, fraternal charity, conformity to God's will, eternal salvation. And see how fervently the people take part, even those who came seeking only earthly benefits. And they keep coming irrespective of whether or not they receive the earthly benefits. They have learned to pray. Indeed, for many, the novena proves the beginning of a life of prayer and appreciation for supernatural things."

"I saw a case of that myself," Gerald Dambach informed them. "A fellow we used to deal with had not been to the sacraments for years. I did not even know he was a Catholic. He lost his job in the shake-up and just couldn't land another. In desperation he tried the novena. He didn't get a job, but he did get to Confession and Communion. Now he is at the six-thirty every morning, and I never saw a more cheerful man. He used to be the prize grouch."

**F**AITHER," said Fanny Blessig, "you are always preaching about the importance of Mass. Wouldn't it be better to go to morning Mass than to be making all these novenas?"

"Of course it would. No prayer can compare with the Mass. But it is better still to do both. In fact, if you want to make the novena right, you ought to go to Mass in the morning and to the novena service in the evening."

"There is a 'Wop' down at our place," said Hookway, making this novena. He wants to find a buyer for his fruit-stand or something. And he never goes to Mass, not even on Sunday."

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"Did the novena make him stop going to Mass?"

"No, he hasn't gone since he came to America."

"Just keep your eye on him, Elmer. If he continues the novena, you will, like as not, see him begin going to Mass. And one thing is pretty certain, if he had not made the novena he would not take up the habit of Sunday Mass."

"The people at the novena are there to pray — to pray and nothing else. It is easy," said Fanny, "to see that. But when I want something terribly bad, I prefer to be alone. I can pray better."

"What do you mean by praying better, Fanny?"

"I mean I feel more pious."

"If that is what you mean by praying better, then I can understand why you prefer to pray alone."

"But that is what it really means, isn't it, Father?"

"No. That is not praying better, that is simply feeling better. Feeling has nothing to do with the efficacy of prayer. Praying better means praying in the way you are more certain to be heard by God. God Himself tells us He will hear us more readily when we pray in a body than when we pray alone. His Church is a family of brothers, not a retreat for lone wolves. Hence, no matter whether you *feel* pious or not, you will obtain what you need more quickly and surely at the novena where the prayer of each helps all and the prayer of all helps each. The value of each one's prayer is multiplied as many times as there are members in the group."

**W**ITH that the discussion ended. But of course Miss Flanders had to crow a little.

"And so you see, Mr. Ranaghan, and so you see, Mr. Hookway, when you criticized our perpetual novena, you were — all wet."

But Father Casey came to their defense.

"While chivalrously allowing the lady the satisfaction of saying 'I told you so,' you gentlemen need not be excessively crestfallen. There was a great deal of truth in what you said. To make the novena exclusively for temporal favors *is* earthly-minded. To attach more importance to the nine Tuesdays than to the Ten Commandments *is* superstition. To attend the novena services and miss Sunday Mass *is* an abnormality. But these are merely abuses of a good thing; and any

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good thing can be abused. Experience proves however that the very persons guilty of these abuses generally end by making the novena in the proper spirit and from supernatural motives — so powerful are the graces God gives them for joining in the common prayer. And the vast majority have the proper spirit and supernatural motives from the beginning. Week after week, the rich and the poor, the sick and the well, the sinner and the saint crowd together around the picture of their Mother to plead with childlike simplicity, intense eagerness and unbounded confidence for all their needs of soul and body. So pleasing is this to Mary, and to her Divine Son, who loves to see His Mother honored, that they grant extraordinary favors, the favors you hear reported at every meeting — and favors far more precious and far more numerous known only to Heaven and to the grateful recipients," said Father Casey.

### Inspiration for a Novel

It is recorded that Cardinal Newman wrote his great Catholic novel, "Loss and Gain," solely out of an urgent motive of charity in behalf of an Anglican publisher who became a Catholic. The latter, one Mr. James Burns, found his business almost ruined as a result of his conversion, and furthermore, he was meeting with a strong prejudice against priest writers and especially priest novelists. He knew that if Cardinal Newman, the most talked of man in England, were to write a novel, it might break down the prejudice and possibly restore his business. Newman heeded his appeal, and though it meant risking his own reputation, the result was a great Catholic novel.

### How to Discover the Unknown

The following interesting little problem in arithmetic is attributed to Lewis Carroll, who besides giving to the world the classic "Alice in Wonderland," was celebrated as a mathematician:

Take the number of your living brothers. Multiply it by two. Add three. Multiply the result by five. Now add the number of your living sisters. Multiply the total by ten. Add the number of your dead brothers and sisters. Subtract 150 from the total.

The right-hand digit of the resulting figure will be the number of living sisters. The left-hand figure will be the number of living brothers.

## ON WRITING LETTERS

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A very popular pastime, though usually undertaken in dead seriousness, is here taken apart and reassembled.

---

E. F. MILLER

**A**N ORGANIZATION growing in popularity with every change of weather amongst those more advanced in the appreciation of civic responsibility is the one bearing the melodic and telling title of *Brothers and Sisters of Better and Bigger Letters to Movie Stars, Newspapers, and Public Officials*. That there should be such an organization even in embryonic form is an encouraging sign of an upward trend in civilization and an infallible proof of the far-reaching effect of the art of writing — an effect that the men who conceived the alphabet some years ago never even imagined when they carved their first crude hieroglyphics on the damp and dripping walls of their caves for the purpose of disseminating cultural ideas.

Though the organization has much in common with *The Society for the Saving of Old Transfers* (familiarly known in esoteric circles as S.S.O.T.), and with *The Married Ladies Fire-Chasing Brigade* now flourishing in some of our larger cities, still the Brothers and Sisters, etc., are not knit together into so close and harmonic a unity as are these others. There is entirely too much free lancing, entirely too much dependence on reason instead of on the redhot flame of emotion, entirely too much internecine warfare between the letter writers themselves.

However, the same keen brains can be seen operating in all three societies, and the same thorough grasp of the things that really matter in life can be noted. Also the Letter Writers are fully the equal of their spirited-minded colleagues in the fervor that they evince when they set out to do the work which their rules and constitutions demand. Their words are truly full of soul. They burn and cut first in satire then in outspoken denunciation, if written to a newspaper; they caress and sing, if written to a movie star. And though those same words may go unread and pass as unnoticed as dust before a heavy wind, still their authors are ever ready to come back with bigger and better letters the very next day. Nothing discourages them, nothing stops them. Such zeal betokens a genius that only a large brain can encompass, and a pertinacity that only

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a wiry will can sustain. This is the common ground on which the three societies stand. If you ever saw a transfer collector going after an old transfer, or a married lady chasing a fire, you will understand what I mean.

**R**IIGHT now there is strong agitation on the part of some of the charter members of the organization to have introduced into the public grade schools a special course on the correct method and procedure to be followed in writing a letter to a public person. It is due to the little attention that has been given to this important matter in the past, the charter members maintain, that such impossible twaddle is falling from the pens of well-meaning correspondents. A course in the schools would eliminate this ignorance at the very source, and at a time when the child's mind is malleable and open to worth-while impressions.

There are courses in the schools, these same people argue subtly yet convincingly, in arithmetic and spelling, in geography and reading—all branches of an outmoded past. Give the child something that he can get his teeth into, something that is in accord with modern trends and twentieth century progress. Give the child something that he can use the moment he is able to tell that a picture in a picture magazine is a picture of a bathing beauty advertising Idaho potatoes and not merely a blurb of paint or a combination of colors on a page to be torn into fragments and eaten like an apple.

Now mark well. The agitation of which we speak is not promoted because there has been a falling off in recent years in the writing of such letters; quite the contrary. According to scientific investigation carried out by experts in their field, and careful scrutiny of questionnaires sent out to various sectors of the country and called the Galloping Poll, enough letters were written each day of each calendar month during the year 1939 to stretch to the moon and back eight times had they been tied together end to end and sent aloft after the fashion of a kite on a piece of string.

This comparison is, though based on strict statistics, only of the imagination. There is no intention, as far as we can gather, after speaking to many members of the Brothers and Sisters, of ever stringing letters together and sending them to the moon and back eight times. It is only their original method of bringing out in lights and shadows the immense amount of mail that admiring and indignant fingers have

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created in a relatively short period of time. Another comparison some love to make especially in the fervor of speeches and get-togethers is the one that draws upon the relief situation for matter. They say that if all the money that goes into stamps, paper, ink and effort in the writing and printing of one week's batch of public letters were to be put together in one chest, sufficient funds would be had to furnish six dozen families of eight members each with food and clothing for a full month, not to mention the added attraction of an outing each week-end in rented automobiles. The comparison proves definitely and clinchingly that letter writing for public purposes is on the increase.

**N**ATURALLY, in all this, it is presupposed that all rational men and women cannot remain a part of American culture unless they feel impelled from time to time to seize pen and paper and dash off a note to the current congressman on what he said or did not say in his last radio talk, or a few sharp lines to the evening paper on an editorial that it had the brazen effrontery to print concerning the price of shoes in China. Any man who could allow such things to pass and not unsheathe his pen would not be an American in the true sense of the word. Now, there is a right way and a wrong way to write such letters. The proposed course in the grade schools would teach the right way almost from the crib, or better still, almost to the crib.

In order to put the course on scientific feet a text book is being thrown together hurriedly which, it is hoped, will be introduced at the beginning of the next scholastic semester. Professor Elyard Cannon has been given the assignment, and according to current talk he is working night and day in an effort to produce not only a book that will satisfy the most fastidious, but one that will educate the most retarded and the least gifted in talent. He is well equipped for his task, having himself written no fewer than five thousand letters to female movie stars, and seven thousand to government officials and newspapers here at home and abroad. He is a man of large ideas, fierce likes and dislikes, a heavy beard, and a pen that more than once has drawn human blood.

We were given the rare privilege of reading the first drafts of the Professor's learned treatise. We will not say that it is a saga, for it is not. It breathes more of the lyric poem, warm, throbbing and untram-

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melled by the checks of reason and the rules of grammar. It is the work of a man who has finally been given the tools that fit his hands, the work of a man who has been created only to do this and then to sink once more into the anonymity of oblivion. Into the book the celebrated author has thrown all the resources of his vast erudition.

THE work is called very simply, *On the Construction and Development of the Perfect Public Letter*. In the first chapter he lays down the fundamental rules that must be mastered before one can or should even presume to put pen to paper. These rules we can pass over in silence. In the second chapter he goes quite thoroughly into the kinds of letters that can be written, and what emotional background and psychological mindset must be present before they can be written well.

The first of these kinds he calls the fan letter, the word *fan*, meaning that the writer is a fan, or an admirer of the one written to. The only requisite demanded on the part of the recipients of mail coming under this heading (technically known as Group A) is that they be famous in the eyes of the people. It makes no difference how flimsy the fame is, how short-lived and gaudy; as long as the clear, hard light of bill boards, posters and newspapers gives it brilliance, those whom it glorifies can count on overtime in the Post Office. Let a woman be divorced eight times and as many times re-wed, and she is deserving of at least two hundred letters a day; let a man kill his wife and seven children because he is too poor to buy them candy on their birthdays, and he is deserving of at least seven hundred letters a day; and let a young lady show a dimple on the screen and do a jig to swing time, and she is deserving of certainly no less than three thousand letters a day. The fan letter is an unmistakable indication that the recipient is a great artist whether in the drama of life or in the drama of the stage and screen.

As to the writers themselves and what is demanded of them—their training is indeed rigorous, according to the Professor. They must not be endowed too heavily with common sense and intelligence, or to use a well known expression, they must not have too much on the ball. They cannot be over-finicky about the private life and morals of the person to whom they write. They must keep an eye on news as it is served from radio and paper; and above all, they must attend

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as many moving pictures as they can possibly get in. Especially should they attend all the pictures of one particular actor or actress. Then, after idealizing and apotheosizing their hero or heroine, and worshiping before his or her shrine for three days, they will be in the proper mood for writing a fan letter. Under such sunny conditions a six word vocabulary and a Russian collocation will not bar the letter from receiving an A-1 rating from Professor Cannon.

The second kind of letter the Professor speaks of (technically known as Group B) is called the righteous letter. The preparation for it is not quite so severe as for the other. It merely demands that the individual desiring to reach perfection in its accomplishment must school himself to be against things. He must be against government, federal and local; he must be against bingo and papal envoys; he must be against women's hats and Western dams; he must be against mountains and millionaires. Moreover, he must have eyes to discover a fly in every ointment—in a news item, in a word carelessly dropped, in pop-corn vendors on out of the way street corners. Only thus can he keep his output up to the required number of letters demanded of every good writer.

In order that he may have variety in his work, he should be ready with sharpened pencil in hand to dash off a telegram of any length on instant notice, and in such flaming rhetoric as to skin alive the one who dared utter so preposterous a statement that there are no gangsters in New York and Chicago. He'll show them that there are gangsters in New York and Chicago. A man on a street car told him that there were.

We regret that we have not time or space for a few samples of what Professor Cannon calls the ideal letter. They might serve for models for all aspirants. But we believe our brief report will prove that there is much to be done by all who carry the battle to the enemy. The Brothers and Sisters, etc., are doing their part. More members means more letters, they say. A short perusal of Professor Cannon's book might urge tardy souls to join the organization.

**O**UR reporter's assignment is now over. We have done our duty, and may with freedom give our own opinion.

We would not become a member of the B's and S's for any con-

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sideration. Yet we think that there is a place for public letters. And we think that it is the duty of every rightminded citizen to seek out a corner in that place at the proper time. Sometimes a letter is necessary to show our charity or our appreciation; sometimes, to check an evil. At such times we should jump to our pens as the minute men did to their guns, and do our part. We can be certain that there is nothing childish or queer about that. It is just another phase of Catholic Action.

### A Case of Values

Factory machinery makes for mass production, but  
It destroys initiative.  
Movies and television provide diversion, but  
They destroy imagination.  
Automobiles give luxury and comfort, but  
They destroy walking.  
Stratosphere aeroplanes supply rapid transportation, but  
They destroy scenery.  
Canned goods mean a quick method of getting up a meal, but  
They destroy cooking.  
Chain stores sell more goods at cheaper prices, but  
They destroy ownership.  
Apartments constitute a place to live with the least possible inconvenience, but  
They destroy homes.  
If these things battle one another, and it comes to a choice,  
which is better?  
Mass production?                      or        Private initiative?  
Diversion?                              or        Imagination?  
Comfort?                              or        Walking?  
Rapid transportation?                or        Scenery?  
Quickly prepared meals?            or        Home cooking?  
Low priced goods?                    or        Private ownership?  
Just a place to live?                or        A home?

### Untouched by Envy

Pederatus, a famous Spartan citizen of ancient times, was one day present at a great civic gathering in which the names of three hundred men were announced as the recipients of the highest honors of the city for their qualities and achievements. His name was not among the three hundred. Instead of feeling slighted, he went home well pleased, saying: "I was overjoyed to know that there were three hundred men in Sparta more worthy and honorable than myself."

## **QUESTION OF THE MONTH**

*Why don't priests marry?*

This question is asked sometimes in good faith, by those who have never received any basic instruction in the Christian religion, and sometimes in bad faith, by those who have permitted their own suspicions and the accusations of others about priests to carry them away. The answer for both is the same.

The question implies an assumption that, with a little reflection, will be seen to be false from the viewpoint of the teachings of true religion. The assumption is that getting married is so important in life that to renounce it voluntarily indicates that one is either a fool, or that one has dubious if not wicked motives for not getting married. No one would ask the question who realized that there is something in life more important than getting married, to which one might dedicate one's life with the highest possible motives. Just as no one would ask why certain men do not become doctors or lawyers or undertakers, because everyone realizes that there are other avocations equally if not more noble, so the one who does ask why certain men do not marry is implying that the highest and most noble and most necessary thing in life is marriage.

It is clear, however, to all Christians, that the most important thing in life is to save one's soul. Marriage is not necessary for that. God has made no law saying to every individual: You must marry or you shall not enter heaven. On the contrary, He has indicated in many ways that those who accept celibacy for the sake of their souls will have a higher place in heaven than others.

Moreover, God has entrusted to men the means of making salvation possible and easy for their fellow-men. To help one's neighbor save his soul is a more important work than the most spectacular material achievements. Those who are willing to dedicate their lives to the salvation of not one soul but many souls, would find their work greatly hampered if they were married. Therefore they renounce the lesser thing, marriage, in order that their whole time may be devoted to the greatest of all works, the salvation of souls.

These are the reasons why Christ recommended virginity, why the Church demands it of those who wish to work entirely for souls, and why there are thousands of priests who gladly forswear marriage forever.

## AN AMERICAN AND A SAINT — NEUMANN

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An article was written in this magazine recently calling for a new deal in statues. What the author wanted was — modern saints on our altars. Immediately he was asked: where can such saints be found? We give you a modern saint this month — an American by adoption and a saint by his life, John N. Neumann of Philadelphia. We hope that we shall soon be able to place him on our altars.

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J. MANTON

GENERALLY pre-eminence in a field means also prominence in it, but Bishop Neumann seems a regrettable exception. Many inventors, we say, but one Edison; many pianists, but one Paderewski; many aviators, but one Lindberg — and everyone agrees. But if you were to go on and add, many deceased bishops of American sees, but only one Neumann, Catholic America would cough perplexedly and with a pointed upward cadence politely beg your pardon. And yet in the Lives of our Deceased Bishops, Bishop Neumann's should be the golden page, the Legend Beautiful of American Catholic Literature. His claim to this is simply *sanctity*.

I do not mean to say for a moment that there have not been and are not now American Bishops of high sanctity; the Church under the Stars and Stripes would not be the robust, expanding force she is if her high priests had not been men of startling holiness. But even among these, as matters now stand, Bishop Neumann is the only bishop of an American see, to whom the Church has given formal recognition for *extraordinary* personal sanctity. He is our only bishop who has received the title of *Venerable*. He is our only bishop whose virtues have been officially pronounced heroic. He is our only bishop whose preliminary process of canonization has been approved.

And yet you see a reference to him about as often as you stumble on a hummingbird's nest. One has to put aside the irreverent regret: if only he had smoked some popular brand of cigarette, or even slept on a well-advertised mattress — what a difference that would make! But what can you expect of a man who never smoked a cigarette in his life; and who was content, even when a bishop, to take his sleep in a chair or on a plank?

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Even if Neumann had left no single thing as a monument to his episcopate, he would have deserved well of Philadelphia simply for having been its bishop in a strenuous day. When they put Philadelphia's crozier into his reluctant hand (on his forty-first birthday) it was the largest diocese in the country, whether you reckoned by miles or by men. One hundred and seventy thousand Catholics scattered over thirty-five thousand square miles meant Confirmation "tours" that took him into three states. For all that, Neumann in the first five years of his episcopate opened fifty churches. He completed the exterior of the Cathedral. He founded a Preparatory Seminary. He brought the ordinary seminary up to such a high plane of efficiency that Pius IX allowed it to confer the Doctorate. And during his eight episcopal years, the number of priests in the diocese in Philadelphia soared from one hundred and one to one hundred and fifty-two — an increase of fifty per cent. Will you believe it now — that he actually took a vow never to lose a moment of time?

But besides doing many little things extraordinarily well, Neumann left his Pyramids behind him too. But because he did not leave his name in huge block letters on the base, posterity has forgotten the builder.

There for instance is the Devotion of the Forty Hours. I suppose every diocese from the Lakes to the Gulf, to steal a phrase once dear to orators, now celebrates the Forty Hours in a successive church each Sunday of the year. It is the grand March of the Monstrance through the land. Yet before Neumann's day such a thing simply did not exist. There were, it is true, isolated incidences of a Forty Hours celebrated here in Ohio, and another there in Indiana, and perhaps so on throughout the country. But nothing like the extensive and systematic schedule we know today. This we owe to Bishop Neumann; and we really *owe* it to him, for he launched the ship in a dark, forbidding sea, and like Columbus, sailed it amid the pessimistic murmurs and lugubrious head-shakes of his crew. "The Blessed Sacrament will be neglected in the long hours of Exposition," dolefully prophesied some. "America is not ripe for the innovation," noddingly agreed others. But America was ripe for the innovation, and the Blessed Sacrament was *not* neglected, and the practice of opening the Forty Hours each Sunday in a different church gradually became the custom in practically every diocese of the land. But he who made straight the way of the Lord is little remembered; the Voice of One crying in the wilderness is stilled; and while

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the Forty Hours goes on increasing year by year, Neumann, its Precursor, in truth its John the Baptist, seems to have decreased.

Another monument which Today admires but whose Builder is forgotten with Yesterday, is our parochial school system. The founder of this system was Bishop Neumann. Even Mr. Martin Griffin of the *American Historical Researches*, who had a hound's nose for scenting error and tiger's teeth for tearing it apart, concedes Bishop Neumann this distinction. We do not claim of course — though you may have seen the thing triumphantly refuted as though we did — that Neumann established the first parochial school in America. What Neumann did was to arouse general attention throughout his diocese to the cause of Catholic schools, to plead for the erection of Catholic schools, and to fill Catholic schools with pupils till the public schools began to count their vacant seats by the thousands. But he went further than that. He systematized and centralized his Catholic schools. He united them all under one central diocesan "Board of Education." This is fundamentally the same system we follow today. But somehow or other the name of its author, going down the road of History, has fallen among robbers — the old robbers, Time and Indifference, who have stripped the name of its glory; and there is no Samaritan to raise it up.

**S**OME poet has prettily said that it is wiser to carve your name on the trunk of a tree than on a block of marble, for, cut in the bark, the name will grow with the tree. If that comparison may be invoked, the name of Neumann should have grown with more than one growing Sisterhood.

When Vice-Provincial of the Redemptorists, he was a friend to the Oblates of Providence in the days when they had few friends. At the same time he gave such aid to the School-Sisters of Notre Dame of Munich, that the Superiorress of that Congregation in this country said, "We have every reason to revere him as our American founder." When Neumann became bishop, he introduced into his diocese from France the Sisters of the Holy Cross. He also gave Philadelphia the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, was their ardent champion, and was directing the revisal of their rule when he died.

But if there is one group of Religious with which the name of Neumann is most intimately connected — as intimately as the artist with the portrait or the gardener with the rose — that group is the Sisters of the

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Third Order of St. Francis. Bishop Neumann is their father and founder, the one who called them into being, who wrote their rule with his own hand, who was their guide, protector and friend in the groping, troubled days of early existence. Starting with a slender quota of three, the tiny institute expanded rapidly. In four years it had four houses. Today it has more than a thousand Sisters laboring in four archdioceses and twelve dioceses. It has convents as widely apart as Boston and Baker City. Its zeal is as the heart of Paul.

The Sisters of the Third Order of St. Francis are the quiet heroines of many a hospital, as more than one grateful patient will tell you. They are martyrs to the monotony of the class-room, though they do not see the picture in that focus. In asylums they are mothers to those who have never known father or mother, or who know them only with the pang of an orphan's memory; in homes for the aged they are the soothing spirits that help querulous old age to sit with folded hands and dreaming eyes in the last lingering twilight days when the horizon narrows to a vista and the sunset blurs to dusk. Looking on such varied good, the thought must strike anyone that, if this business of doing good so flourishes, what rich dividends of merit must go out each year to those that have a share in the enterprise, and especially to him, who, with all the courage of apostolic zeal and all the undaunted optimism of Christian hope, opened the pioneer way!

**B**IG achievements like the foundation of this body of Sisters, I have called Neumann's Pyramids — the monuments he left behind him. Add them up, heap them high — schools, churches, the exterior of the cathedral, Preparatory Seminary, Forty Hours, Parochial School System, Third Order of St. Francis — anyone must admit that these rise to at least a moderate monument; and for eight years crowded with ordinary duties, they form a very creditable surplus of extraordinary accomplishments. Some will count them and be glad; personally I cannot confess to any surging enthusiasm. The whole parade of them could go swinging by and leave me comparatively cold. After all, these things show only what Neumann *did*; what I like about the man is, what he *was*. These things indicate zeal, of course, but they also suggest — and that a little too strongly — the clever organizer, the keen executive, the builder, the leader, in short, the "success." But we here in the United States have seen too many mere "successes" to get ourselves hoarse shout-

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ing over just one more. If we want something to cheer for, something to thrill over, — well, what is very much rarer in America than just another "success" is a single solitary canonized saint.

It may be disloyal and ungrateful and perhaps even imprudent in an era of proud efficiency to whisper it about, but the fact remains that saints are one of the few items still unlisted in even the latest mail-order catalogues. True, you can order their statues; but even then the figure on the pedestal will be that of a man who probably never laid his supposedly rolling eyes on our vaunted Stars and Stripes. At present, if we want halos we have to import them. Now that is precisely why I like Neumann. For, in the first place, though not a native born, he spent the whole quarter-century of his priestly life in these United States; and in the second, he gives fair promise of canonization. He has already been declared *Venerable*; another miracle will entitle him to *Blessed*; can sainthood then be far away?

Though in the United States ours has been a tradition of holy bishops, unfortunately circumstances have prevented us from realizing even one saint from so many admitted possibilities. Certainly it is entirely fitting, almost imperative that amid such a holy hierarchy there should gleam at least one officially acknowledged halo. Let us pray that its golden light may play soon around the mitre of Bishop John N. Neumann, C.Ss.R.

### Prayer For the Beatification of The Venerable John N. Neumann, C.Ss.R.

O JESUS, who hast commended and practised the hidden life, grant that in these our days of pride and outward display the example of Thy Servant John may influence men to copy Thy divine example. Help us then, O Lord, that like Thy Servant, the holy Bishop, we may do all our works with the pure intention of pleasing Thee, and that our justice be not done to be seen by men. We also beseech Thee, O Lord, that Thy Holy Church soon rank him with the Blessed, so that the sphere of his influence may be universal. Amen.

## THE MAN ON THE TRAIN

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If you like to meet "just people," as they reveal themselves and as they are, we offer you this little jaunt through the wide open spaces, where many come and many go.

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D. F. MILLER

**T**HE "man on the train" is an institution in American life. You are sure to meet him on any fairly extensive trip, when people grow tired of sitting in one place, tired of looking out the windows, tired of their cheap magazines, tired of themselves. He approaches you through any one of a dozen ingenious expedients, and before you know it he has you deciding some problem for him, or listening to some innocuous form of propaganda, or just constituting an audience of one for the relief of his instinct of self-expression.

Having just completed a journey of some 5,000 miles through the United States, we feel that we know a great deal about "the man on the train." Of course, no one can know all about the man on the train. He is as varied as he is numerous. Except for a few fairly standard means of opening conversation, such as the weather, the slowness of the train, the weariness of travel, etc., the latest man on the train is never quite the same as the one preceding him. Hence you must be ready for almost anything when you are approached by him, and after you have met him a dozen or two times, you feel that you are just beginning to get an idea of the infinite variety that marks the citizens of the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Do you want to meet, second-hand, a few editions of the man on the train? You are not to look for anything dramatic; by introducing a little fiction we could perhaps create drama out of them, but we shall stick to facts and actual happenings. Also you must try to reduce yourself to that passive, let-come-what-may attitude that takes possession of one after he has ridden for some hours on the same train. If, then, you are interested in "just people," come along; we'll introduce you.

**W**E ARE rolling through Texas — westward. Huge areas of colorless land, covered only with the everlasting mesquite, yield now and then to a sleepy little town with a few sombreroed Mexicans lolling

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about the station. The passengers in the train are restive. They move about aimlessly, just to be moving.

One man more or less systematically makes the rounds, talking to whomsoever he can engage. He is about fifty-five; self-possessed yet bored in a genteel sort of way; considerably superior to his present surroundings. He talks standing over you, or sitting on the outside arm of your seat.

"Going to California?" he asks, as an opener. Answered in the affirmative, he wants to know if it is your first visit there. If the answer is again "yes," he's got you. That's all he wants to know.

You've heard and read about the tireless (and tiresome) California booster? Well, here he is. We rather think that the better, and perhaps average, element of Californians (despite the popular canard that all Californians are like him) would not be proud of this particular type. He is harmless, to be sure, and amusing in many ways; but his combination of ignorance and assumed superiority does not readily recommend him as a boon companion.

He begins by taking Florida to pieces. He has just come from there, though his home is in California, having spent his vacation at Miami Beach. The inconsistency of such a vacation for one who believes that California is next to heaven in every way, at all times, for any purpose, does not strike him. But Florida — bah! Pooh, pooh. They talk about their fruit, and their weather, and their beaches. Pish. And also tush. Wait till you see California.

Not having been either in Florida nor in California, we enjoy the shadow-boxing that goes on and on and on. Meanwhile it is impossible to miss the geographical mistakes, conversational contradictions, and plain ordinary misstatements that are made by this know-it-all. The *coup-de-grace* is finally given to Florida in the form of an anecdote, told as only a slight exaggeration of the truth. It's good:

"One day a stranger approached an open market in Los Angeles and, placing his hand on a good-sized watermelon, said to the proprietor: 'How much are these avocados?' The proprietor, suspecting something, answered: 'Say, where are you from?' 'I'm from Florida,' was the reply, 'where we grow things big.' 'Well,' said the proprietor, 'take your hand off that olive and get out of here.' "

We laugh heartily, and the man on the train, contented and happy, passes on. Let us add, in strict justice, that he was the only one of his

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kind we met during quite some stay in California. Most of the genuine citizens of the state are inclined to joke about his kind as much as we.

**W**E'RE sitting in the little smoker at the end of the car, having a cigarette. Next to us there is a dark-skinned, foreign-looking individual, writing industriously in a notebook. A sight like that cannot fail to arouse speculation and we speculated a good deal. We did not come within a mile of the truth, and doubt whether our imagination could have produced anything like the story of adventure he was to unfold when he grew tired of writing and began to talk.

He was a Jamaican Spaniard, a naturalized citizen of the United States, a seaman on a line between New York and San Francisco. He should have been on a boat instead of a train, but this is what happened:

Six weeks before, while nosing northward along the west coast of Mexico, his vessel scraped on a reef and stuck. The spot was more than a hundred miles from the nearest town, hundreds of miles from Mexico City. The ship soon began to list precariously, so one of the sailors swam ashore with a line, a breeches-buoy was set up, and everybody reached land. For five weeks they camped in the wilderness, each day unloading what they could of the cargo. Finally airplanes came in and took them to Mexico City, where the whole crew set out by bus and train for San Francisco.

The Jamaican was a union representative among the seamen, and it was his job to report to the authorities and put in the claim for wages, compensation, etc., in behalf of the men who had been on the stranded ship. He was writing in the little book a minute account of everything that had happened since the vessel snagged. He showed it to us. His language was plain, straightforward, yet picturesque. We'll wager that almost any publisher would pay a pretty price for that book as a running story of adventure. Yet it was all in a day's work for this simple man who was an important cog in the great machinery of collective bargaining.

**S**OMETIMES you don't meet the man on the train, you just overhear him. And sometimes it's a woman. (Eavesdropping is not a crime on a train; you cannot help yourself.) This one sat in front of us, and got acquainted with two other women to whom she was giving the benefit of her world travels and wisdom. A portly dowager, edging

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towards sixty, well-dressed, talking with the kind of accent that is acquired not native. We were passing through one of the most magnificent stretches of panoramic scenery in Arizona, while she was addressing her companions thus:

"They say, 'See America First,' but I wouldn't give up my trips to other countries for anything. Japan is just wonderfully interesting. So—so different, don't you see. Everything is so interesting—it's just marvelous. And I'll never forget my trip to Tunis. They have natives there, and they dance, and it's so different, it's just wonderfully interesting."

We try to concentrate on the scenic grandeur through which the train is speeding, but our appreciation is troubled by the intrusion of ever recurrent words like the chorus of some primitive song: "Wonderful, marvelous, wonderfully interesting, so different, gorgeous, wonderful, marvelous, etc."

Ten minutes later the ladies have swung the topic around to personalities. This delectable bit bites into our consciousness, from the world-travelled dowager: "I have a friend in Atlanta, simply a marvelous person. Two years ago she married a very prominent doctor. Last year the doctor had a slight heart attack and was told he had to take things easy. My friend divorced him right then and there. Said she didn't get married to take care of an invalid. Can't say that I blame her."

They say that travel is broadening. Sometimes you doubt it when you meet such specimens of its power.

**P**ERHAPS these fugitive glimpses into the lives of other people met on a train are tedious and commonplace, but their interest lies in their variety, and in the suddenness with which they come and the utter oblivion into which they pass at journey's end. We do not remember the names of any of them, but here is a list of about half of one day's acquaintances on a train:

A watchmaker from Long Beach, California, a gentle and charming character, 38, unmarried, just returning to the west from a visit to a dying brother in his home town back in Georgia, where all his folks still live. He had an offer of a job back in Georgia, equally as good if not better than the one he held in California. He couldn't decide whether to go back home for good or to stay in California. He put it up to us.

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Weighing all the circumstances, we advised his going back home. He decided to take the advice and then passed out of our life forever.

A lanky youth of 22, on his way to San Diego to join the navy. He once studied for the priesthood, but his family prevented his going on. He went back to his family in the east, to find there was nothing to do. After knocking about helplessly for four years, the navy seemed to offer him the only opening for "doing something." He wanted to know whether he was making a mistake. We encouraged him to study on the side, to fit himself for some specialty in the navy, to work hard for advancement, and to keep in touch with the chaplain. So he too passed on.

The Catholic porter who had the sunniest disposition and sturdiest Catholic faith we have witnessed in a long time. An old man, with a rheumatic back, he never lagged nor shirked nor complained. He confided to us that he had one daughter a nurse, another just finishing a Catholic college course to be a teacher. One night about one a.m. a youth of about seventeen in an upper berth had a nightmare and began to shout for help. The old porter parted the curtains and shook him, while he whispered like a mother: "What you-all worryin' about? Wake up, and don't be afraid. I'm here."

The United States Army major, who 1) tried to get us into a card game for negligible stakes, "just to make it interesting;" 2) failing that, told us the history of all the Catholic chaplains he had known in thirty-five years in the service, with special details of those who had not been up to par; 3) argued, or rather stoutly maintained that all ne'er-do-wells, dope-fiends, drifters and criminals should be quietly liquidated by the government, i.e., murdered in a genteel way for the benefit of society. Our refusal to accept his remedy for all the economic and social problems of the country brought a knowing: "Just wait a few years; you'll see."

And last but not least, the Protestant minister who thought we might also be a Protestant clergyman, and used an ingenious means of finding out: he offered to buy us a chicken dinner though the day was Friday. We ordered fish and his ardor cooled. However, we did discuss things, and in the midst of a quiet conversation on the roots of world troubles (a favorite topic of all men on the train), he interrupted a sweeping analysis by a diatribe provoked by the sight of a woman smoking.

**T**HREE is your man on the train. He is a philosopher, poet, vagabond, preacher, propagandist, and he is just a plain, ordinary citizen of the U. S. A. You meet him and you pass on, but somehow he always leaves something with you and you in turn leave something with him. For there's no place like a train to test whether you measure up in the least degree to the ancient philosopher's axiom that is often said to have made him great: "I am a human being, and I deem nothing human as foreign to me."

### The End of Rumor

The London *Tablet* reports that a priest of Kronstorf in Germany recently determined to get to the bottom of the disquieting rumors which have been circulating about Theresa Neumann, the stigmatic. He went to Konnersreuth, and made a personal investigation. These are a few of his published conclusions in the matter:

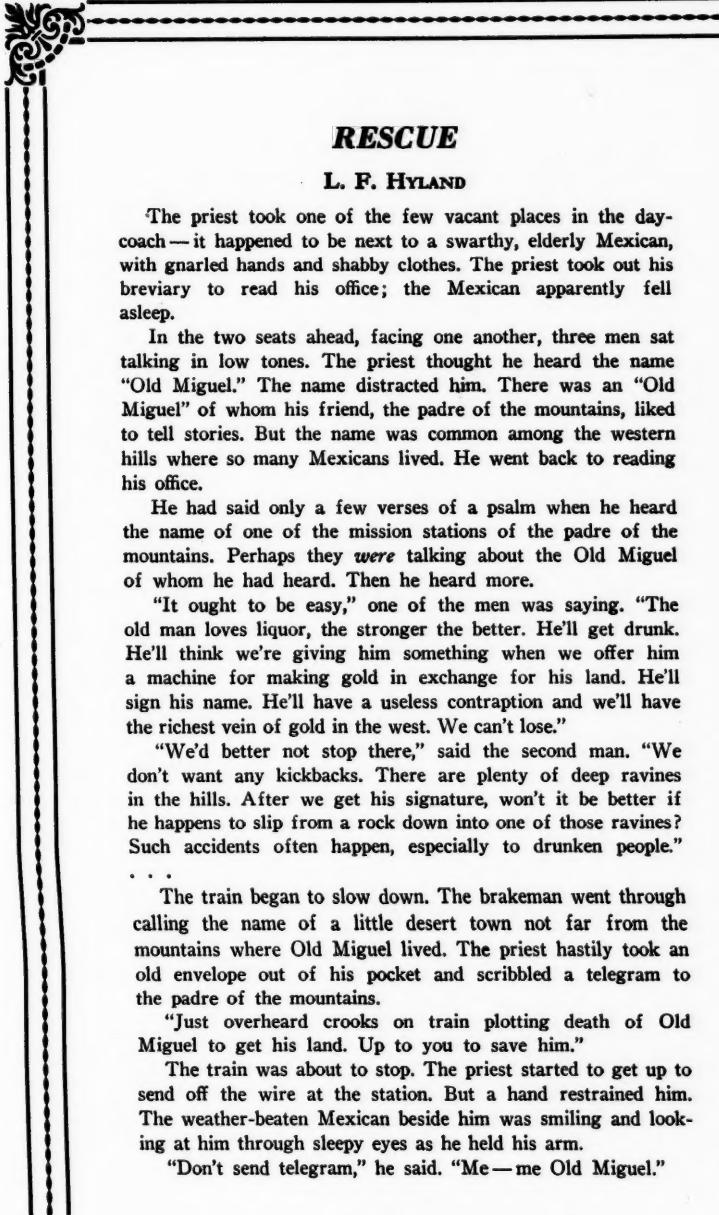
1. Theresa Neumann is still alive, in spite of three different assertions to the contrary.
2. She really bears the stigmata, and takes no nourishment except the Body of Our Lord.
3. She never prophesies about purely worldly matters. Reports to the contrary are due either to malice or foolishness, but they certainly do not originate in Konnersreuth.
4. Konnersreuth has scrupulously obeyed the Church and never advertised its happenings. Theresa herself is anything but pleased with the publicity that is given her.
5. No one is bound to believe in the phenomena of Konnersreuth.
6. On the other hand, no one has the right to pass judgment on them before seeing them and examining the facts.

### CORPUS CHRISTI

I cannot see a sheaf of sun-touched grain  
Nor watch the fruited burden of the vine  
But that my heart beholds a snow-pure host  
And scents the fragrance of the chaliced wine.

I cannot dream of wine and wheaten bread  
Without a hunger and a thirst in me  
For Food and Drink the Master brake and blest  
And gave to all the world from Calvary.

—Sister M. Francis Gabriel, O.P.



## RESCUE

L. F. HYLAND

The priest took one of the few vacant places in the day-coach—it happened to be next to a swarthy, elderly Mexican, with gnarled hands and shabby clothes. The priest took out his breviary to read his office; the Mexican apparently fell asleep.

In the two seats ahead, facing one another, three men sat talking in low tones. The priest thought he heard the name "Old Miguel." The name distracted him. There was an "Old Miguel" of whom his friend, the padre of the mountains, liked to tell stories. But the name was common among the western hills where so many Mexicans lived. He went back to reading his office.

He had said only a few verses of a psalm when he heard the name of one of the mission stations of the padre of the mountains. Perhaps they *were* talking about the Old Miguel of whom he had heard. Then he heard more.

"It ought to be easy," one of the men was saying. "The old man loves liquor, the stronger the better. He'll get drunk. He'll think we're giving him something when we offer him a machine for making gold in exchange for his land. He'll sign his name. He'll have a useless contraption and we'll have the richest vein of gold in the west. We can't lose."

"We'd better not stop there," said the second man. "We don't want any kickbacks. There are plenty of deep ravines in the hills. After we get his signature, won't it be better if he happens to slip from a rock down into one of those ravines? Such accidents often happen, especially to drunken people."

The train began to slow down. The brakeman went through calling the name of a little desert town not far from the mountains where Old Miguel lived. The priest hastily took an old envelope out of his pocket and scribbled a telegram to the padre of the mountains.

"Just overheard crooks on train plotting death of Old Miguel to get his land. Up to you to save him."

The train was about to stop. The priest started to get up to send off the wire at the station. But a hand restrained him. The weather-beaten Mexican beside him was smiling and looking at him through sleepy eyes as he held his arm.

"Don't send telegram," he said. "Me—me Old Miguel."

## **OPEN LETTER**

### **TO AN UNDISCIPLINED READER**

**D. F. MILLER**

**P**ERHAPS this letter is a waste of time. If you are an entirely undisciplined reader, you probably will never come within a block of this particular epistle nor of the magazine in which it is to be found. However, it is being written, not only for the entirely undisciplined reader, but for those who are partially so, for those who read some good things and some that are dangerous and bad, for those who now and then "let themselves go" in the matter of reading. Perhaps some of these latter, in one of their better moments, will see this. It is directed to them, therefore we shall call them "you."

You will want to know, right off, what is an undisciplined reader? It is one who has not seen the need for adopting any principles regarding his reading, or whose sole principle, if you can call it that, is this: "I can read anything." The undisciplined reader, like the business man who says that religion and morality have nothing to do with business, maintains in practice that his reading is a matter over which there can and should be no commanding rules of conscience, reason or God. His reading is his own affair, and no one has the right to tell him what he should or should not read.

**W**E HAVE assumed that you, reading this letter, have in some measure adopted these ideas. You do not hesitate for a moment to read such magazines as *Esquire*; such novels as *Grapes of Wrath*; such pulps as the more or less nastily sexy ones; such tracts as the latest diatribe against all religion in general or the Catholic religion in particular. You want to know why it should be otherwise.

I shall tell you why it should be otherwise. It should be so on two counts: the one is self-defense and the other is self-development. Self-defense is one of the strongest and most constant instincts of human nature. A man who doesn't defend himself, say, against a violently contagious disease making the rounds, or against a prowling marauder seeking to rob his home, is considered a fool.

But not all attacks against one's well-being are of a bodily nature.

As a matter of fact, not even the worst attacks are those directed against the body, if you admit with me that your immortal soul is worth more than your body. You can be attacked through your mind and through your passions, and if you think that your mind and your passions are of such a calibre that they can sustain every possible attack made against them without harm, you are more of a fool than the man who without reason exposes himself to a deadly contagious disease.

**N**OW many of the attacks made against your mind and your passions are in the form of the written word. If you say you can read anything, you are tacitly assuming that no one can write anything that can win your mind away from truth and make it accept something erroneous as true. Your assumption is perfectly valid, if you know all history, all philosophy true and false, all theology with all its ramifications, and all science. If you know all these things, you will be able to trap a writer of untruth in his first weakness of argument or misstatement of fact, and your mind will not be diseased. But let's say, for the sake of argument, that you do not know all history, philosophy, theology and science. You have a smattering of each, such as can be gained by a very thorough university course, but that is all. Here's a new book that possesses an A-1 literary style. But it incorporates misstatements of history regarding a period you never had an opportunity to study thoroughly; in the midst of a number of valid arguments, it slips in a few that are based on some assumed principle that is false; and it misrepresents dogmas of the Catholic Church about which you yourself have always been a little hazy. Do you think you are capable of reading such a book without one single resulting twist of your mind towards the untruth imbedded therein? If you can, your mind is not human; it is the mind of an angel, for only angels (and God) cannot be deceived at first sight by appearances of truth in place of the real thing.

Or, if you say you can read anything, you are assuming that your passions are in such perfect control that no one can write anything that will inflame them to sinful desires. If that is true, you are right again; you can read anything. But is it true? Do pictures of nude people, narrations of sexual indulgence, stories of unleashed passion, leave you perfectly calm and self-possessed, with no thought or inclination that was not present before? Answer that yourself, and then you'll know whether self-defense requires any discipline of your reading.

**T**H E second score on which you need discipline in your reading is that of self-development. If it is possible to advance yourself in knowledge, understanding of human nature, virtue, self-control, ability, by reading, is it not the most foolish thing in the world to do a lot of reading that will profit you not at all? Don't object and say: but I read for pleasure, for pastime, not as a job that I have to wear myself out on. Such an objection is beside the point, because disciplining your reading does not mean forcing yourself to read things in which you have no interest and which have no entertainment nor amusement value. There are hundreds of books as fascinating as any of the vapid picture magazines you have paged through by the dozen, but which do something for you almost without your knowing it. Discipline in reading doesn't mean torture. It means rejecting only the dangerous and harmful and bad, the empty and vapid and sterile, for those things that are worth your while.

**F**OR exercising such discipline you need wise and understanding counsel. No matter how learned you are, you can always find somebody more learned to advise you in your reading. And as a negative means of discipline, you have your wise old mother, the Church, forbidding the reading of those books that are clearly harmful and bad. Don't be among the sophisticated folk who say "I can read anything," and then proceed to be destroyed, mentally, morally, and religiously, by bad reading. Be rational: practice self-defense and self-development in the most important field of your life.

### Passed by the Censors

A Russian in Shanghai, relates the *Tablet* of London, who was forced to return to his country, came to the following arrangement with his Chinese friends: "If my first letter is written in blue ink, you may take it that the contents are true; but if it is written in red ink, then you must believe the exact opposite of what I write."

After some time, the Chinese friends received the following letter written in red ink:—

"Life in the U.S.S.R. is wonderful. I have found pleasant rooms at a moderate price. I have the good fortune of going to theatres, cinemas, and exhibitions. There is an abundance of eggs, milk, bread and meat. The only thing I find it difficult to obtain, with the best will in the world, is red ink. . . ."

## SEX EDUCATION

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There is no topic more important for the consideration of parents and educators than that dealt with here. Yet a splendid example is given of how it should not be dealt with, even by a federal government.

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C. DUHART

RECENTLY a bulletin has been issued by the United States Public Health Service entitled *High Schools and Sex Education*. No one would question the timeliness of such a study, but anyone who believes that the exceedingly important problem of sex education is intimately and essentially linked up with religious and moral considerations must be fearful of this official approach to the problem — an approach which is patently and undeniably pagan.

In the pamphlet, there is no mention of God, of a future life, of original or actual sin, no invoking of religious motives, no appeal to ideals based upon man's supernatural nature. "Moralistic attitudes" are mentioned with disdain, and we are told that in regard to solitary sex sin, "the question of right or wrong in the moral sense does not enter at all."

Perhaps the saddest and most alarming consideration, however, is that this is rather the sort of bulletin we would expect to receive from a public agency. Not something blatantly atheistic or irreligious, but a product, almost if not quite so dangerous, ignoring all reference to God, and His Laws, all appeal to religious or moral principles and ideals.

Useless is the attempt to solve the sex problem or any really human problem without recourse to religion and morality. This is so, because man is, of his very nature, religious and moral. He is a creature composed of two elements, body and soul; a creature whose destiny lies beyond this world; a creature subject to the laws of the God Who made him; a creature most natural and most perfect when he lives according to the natural inclinations, properly directed, implanted into his being by his Maker.

To ignore entirely religious and moral considerations, and to base one's entire hope of settling the sex problem on the information the school has to offer on sex, is like trying to make a motorless car run by merely repairing its tires. No one objects to the thesis that children

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are entitled to receive sex instruction from the proper sources and in the proper manner, but everyone who believes that man is more than an animal is convinced that religion and morality are as necessary to his right living as the motor of a car is necessary for its proper functioning.

There is throughout the pamphlet a patently heavy leaning, probably not knowingly, on what is known as the "Socratic thesis" — according to which that ancient philosopher taught that to do the good, all that is necessary is to know the good. Against Socrates, however, is the evidence of every page of history, and the conviction everyone must have arrived at from personal experience. Counter to his view is that of St. Paul expressed in the seventh chapter of his letter to the Romans: "For I am delighted with the law of God according to the inward man: but I see another law in my members, fighting against the law of my mind, and captivating me in the law of sin, that is in my members."

Pope Pius XI in his Encyclical on Education condemns in no uncertain terms the smug confidence that mere knowledge is the great panacea. He writes: "Far too common is the error of those who with dangerous assurance and under an ugly term propagate a so-called sex-education, falsely imagining they can forearm youths against the dangers of sensuality by means purely natural, such as a foolhardy imitation and precautionary instruction for all indiscriminately, even in public; and worse still, by exposing them at an early age to the occasions, in order to accustom them, so it is argued, and as it were to harden them against such dangers." And in another place: "Every method of education founded, wholly or in part, on the denial or forgetfulness of original sin and of grace, and relying on the sole powers of human nature, is unsound."

**P**ERHAPS the most important error in the bulletin after the fatal fallacy of ignoring man's spiritual and religious nature, is the assigning to the school of a task which is far above its powers, especially the public schools which are devoid of religious influence. It is rather assumed that the home, the first source by nature of sex instruction, has become, through modern changes, unfitted for this task. The Church is as slightly treated as are God and religion. So the whole burden of a tremendously important task is shifted to the care of the school.

On the basis of the matter suggested in the bulletin to be included

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in their sex instruction, the young people might reply: "Why practice community loyalty and fidelity, why self-mastery, why social well-being, why fair play?" (These are the highest ideals proposed.) "You have given us no fundamental reason why sexual perversion is wrong. Why should we control ourselves? Why worry about our neighbor? You have convinced us that God does not exist by consistently ignoring Him; that our neighbor has no claims upon us, by refraining entirely from teaching anything like a natural or a moral law; you have convinced us that we have only our life to live here upon earth, by systematically and by strange strategems avoiding mention of a soul, of a future life; you have not condemned the divorce of our elders, their practice of birth-prevention. Why should we not be permitted to do what they are allowed to do?"

Everything might be well if our young people could follow these questions up until they found the right answer. But under the influence of the course outlined in "High Schools and Sex Education," deprived of the fundamental truths concerning their existence and their sex nature, they will perhaps get no further than the conclusion that these are merely matters of convention, and convention which they will find it agreeable and not at all dangerous to break.

To sum up a few of the reasons for our hearty disapproval of Mr. Gruenberg's *High Schools and Sex Education*:

- 1) It is atheistic and irreligious — not positively, but negatively, in a matter where the disdainful ignoring of God and religion is almost as bad as outright denial.
- 2) It is not scientific, in so far as it seeks to train the activities of human beings, when it makes no attempt to discover, or at least pays no concern to the nature, the origin, the purpose, the destiny of such beings.
- 3) It is socially unsound, since it takes from the home a function which properly belongs to it, and assigns a function to the school which the school is not fitted to assume.
- 4) It is dangerous, because much of the instruction proposed, in subject matter and in manner of presentation, ignores the existence of original sin, and of its nature is bound to inflame the sex impulses of the students.
- 5) It is educationally inadequate and misleading, because it has no solid, no fundamental bases for its teaching. It offers no cogent proof

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that sexual purity is better than sexual impurity. It has no definite principles on questions like divorce and birth control. It praises monogamous marriage merely as a social asset, and pays no attention to the fact that monogamy is desirable, proper and alone legitimate, because God in His wisdom sees this form of matrimony as alone capable of accomplishing His ends.

6) It is blind, because it offers ideals which, while good, are not the highest, and ideals at that, which are not founded on any real notion of what is good and what is bad. It completely ignores the highest ideals, which flow from the nature and purpose of sex. It has nothing to say of the glorious partnership parents form with God in peopling the earth with creatures made to the image and likeness of God Himself, and filling the thrones of the lost angels in heaven.

7) It is destructive of morality as in the following passage: ". . . any self-induced sensual pleasure . . . is not so much to be overcome as outgrown. The question of right and wrong in the moral sense does not enter at all."

8) It is doomed to failure, appealing as it does only to natural means and unsubstantiated principles, and ignoring entirely the supernatural and religious means for the preservation of purity. As was to be expected, there is no mention of prayer, a means open to all, and no mention of the sacraments which to Catholics are such mighty bulwarks.

WITHOUT a moment's hesitation and wholeheartedly, every Christian will condemn the United States Public Health Service's *High Schools and Sex Education*. And still, with all its failings and gross mistakes, it may serve one valuable purpose. It may be one more reminder to us Catholics that we have been remiss in imparting sex education to our young people. Statistics are available to show that an alarming proportion of Catholic boys and girls receive their first and perhaps most lasting sex impressions from the gutters, from depraved companions, or profligate grown-ups, or from the filth of sex tabloids. Investigation shows further that though there is a marked superiority of Catholic youth over non-Catholic in regard to matters of sex, there is not always evident that superiority which we might expect from the fact that our youth have the benefit of a religious training, of which other boys and girls are deprived.

The truth is that Catholic conduct on the question of sex education

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has been largely a matter of "passing the buck." It is a distasteful task and one requiring great care and prudence. Parents, with whom the duty lies primarily, have sanguinely presumed that the matter would be taken care of by the priest or the teachers in school. The priest not having the same natural opportunities for sex instruction as the parents in his contacts with the children, has frequently been able to do little. Teachers in schools have rightly presumed that this was not primarily their province. The result has been that many Catholic youths have no more exalted notion of sex, no more idea of the Catholic doctrine of sex, than have their non-Catholic companions, and the proofs are at hand to jar us out of our complacency.

Someone must give sex instruction. The duty rests first with parents. If they should be incapable and refuse to fit themselves for a task more important than providing material care for their children, the task devolves upon the priest, and then only upon the teachers in school. But any really intimate instruction given in school must be imparted in private conversations.

One of our chief complaints against *High Schools and Sex Education* is that it ignores the two more natural and more fitted authors of sex instruction, the home and the Church, and passes immediately to the third, the school, which should only step into the breach when for some reason or other the home and the Church have been unable to provide sex instruction. Further, the plan outlined for the Public High Schools, ignoring entirely original sin, consists to too great a degree in a dangerous course of public class instruction. And lastly, the instruction which is given is entirely divorced from all principles, motives, ideals and means provided by religion. All this results from the damnable shibboleth of "religious freedom" in the schools, which means in fact that everything is free in the schools, from the teaching of atheism and blatant immorality to the most absurd and nonsensical theories of pseudo-scientists — everything is free, except the teaching of religion.

WITH parents principally lies the solution of the great problem of sex instruction. It is their God-given duty to which every feeling of natural repugnance must bow. Excuses of incapability, of "not knowing how to go about it," are not valid in view of the splendid books written by Catholic authors on the subject — Father Felix M. Kirsch's magnificent *Sex Education and Training in Chastity*; Rev. C.

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C. Martindale's *The Difficult Commandment* and *Into Their Company*; Rev. P. J. Bruckner's *Sex Education*, which supplies the exact words in which the essential knowledge of sex may be given to children and young people; and many more.

The principal attitude for parents to stress is one of reverence for sex. Sex must not be represented as something bad or shameful, but rather as a sacred trust committed to human beings by God Himself. Emphasis must be laid on the truth that in God's plans, sex is His sacred, holy instrument for continuing the work of creation and peopling heaven with saints. It must be insisted that the reason why sex perversion is so bad is because sex itself is so good, such a noble and sacred possession, just as any sacrilege is the perversion of a holy thing.

When should sex instruction be given? We will quote here a passage from Father Kirsch's radio address on *Aids to Chastity*: "Yet our young people have a right to all the sex instruction they need to protect them from the dangers of today. Proper sex instruction given at the right time will help to keep them chaste. God's truth will make them free of needless fears and support them through many a battle of the years ahead. Parents therefore have the *strict duty* to impart this information just as soon as there is need on the part of the child. A good rule for parents is to give the information, first, in accordance with the symptoms of curiosity — the child's curiosity in such matters is legitimate and he has a right to have his questions answered frankly and sincerely; secondly, give the information in accordance with the child's physical development. Here watchful parents may have to anticipate questions on the part of the child. Another wise rule tells us to give all information needed so that the child will not be helpless when the changes, either physical or psychical, of adolescence, come into his life; and secondly, so that the information will not come first from the wrong source. It is undoubtedly better to give the necessary instruction a year too soon than one hour too late. In our day and country such instruction is needed much earlier than most parents imagine."

We may conclude with a quotation from the author of *Quid Vobis Videtur?*, addressed to those through whose procrastination in imparting sex instruction, baptismal innocence has been lost: "After the thief has come and gone, they would set about putting a lock on the door. They may hug their 'prudence', while the devil has got the jewel — and, no doubt, he must feel satisfied that he has got the best of the bargain."

## Three Minute Instruction

### ON HUMILITY IN PRAYER

The most essential and yet easily lacking quality of all prayers of petition is the right kind of humility. The absence of humility always denotes pride in some form or other, and nothing so quickly destroys the efficacy of prayer as pride. Yet few vices are more unreasonable than pride to those who correctly understand the two kinds of humility needed in prayers of petition as follows:

1. *The humility of ignorance.* Prayers of petition always envision something needed in the immediate or distant future, from the viewpoint of the one asking. Yet a human being's knowledge of needs of the future is subjected to a threefold ignorance: a) ignorance of whether the object desired is salutary from all points of view; b) ignorance of whether it will be timely if granted when and as requested; c) ignorance of whether the good attained will not be outweighed by some greater evil. No man is capable of judging these things because the future is so absolutely unknown to man. God alone knows the future, and He knows not only what will actually happen but even what would happen if a certain set of circumstances were set in train. Since God is the One who must grant the favor, it were sheer folly to think that He should not make use of His knowledge of the future in granting or refusing a particular request at a given time. They who rebel against God for not answering petitions based upon limited human knowledge are guilty of irrational pride.

2. *The humility of the sinner.* One deliberate venial sin in a person's life constitutes him a debtor to Almighty God. It does not behoove a debtor to be proud, nor to demand bounty and largess from the one to whom his debt is owed. An honest debtor is made so happy by the canceling of his debt that he can scarcely even think of asking for things over and above that. So it is with the sinner who prays to God. He may and should ask for things he needs from God, but he never does so without remembrance of his debt, nor without the realization that the greatest favor he can ever receive is the canceling of all his debt. Furthermore, he knows that if the only answer he received to his prayers of petition, no matter what their explicit object may be, were the grace never to become a debtor to God again, he would be receiving the greatest gift that God can bestow.

They who pray with humility of these two kinds will never be disappointed in their prayers. God will help them to understand that when He does not answer their prayers at once or in the manner of their asking, it is only because His loving wisdom foresees some greater need of their bodies or souls and is granting that. He will make them joyously conscious of the infinite value of the great favor bestowed in the forgiveness of all their sins.

# **AMERICAN LABOR**

## **THE ONE-SIDED WAGNER ACT**

**B. TOBIN**

**T**HIS article is not addressed to those who are satisfied with the National Labor Relations Act and contend that it should not be doctored according to the formulas prescribed by such legislators as Senator Edward W. Burke and Congressmen Clare Hoffman and Howard W. Smith. For such to read this would be useless and superfluous. But it is directed to that group who in all sincerity believe that the act is lopsided and should be amended so as to put restrictions on labor as well as on capital.

The act is undoubtedly one-sided. Very few will deny that. It forbids certain practices by the employers but none by the employees. It contains a list of unfair labor practices for employers but not a word is written concerning unfair practices of employees. This shows that the act favors the employees, is one-sided. Nevertheless, because the law is lopsided is no reason for repealing or amending it. If such logic were followed most of the laws and ordinances of the land, from the local traffic regulations which affect only the motorists to the federal banking laws which govern the actions of but a few bankers, would be in line for repeal. Rather than to say that the law should be amended to correct this one-sidedness, let us look to the conditions that caused such a partial law to be placed on our statute books. If the law is to be amended, surely the conditions that caused the law should be looked into and corrected as well.

**A**S EARLY as 1864 there were employer associations. As if in response to a given signal, employers all over the country and in every trade banded together during the decades that followed to rid themselves of the curse of unionism. The lockout and the blacklist were brought into use with a bitterness new in American industrial relations. And because of the widespread unity of the employer associations they were effective. It was soon difficult to find workers willing to risk their jobs and future by serving on union committees or even by participating in other union activities.

At the turn of the century the leadership of the organized anti-

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unionism of the many associations was assumed by the National Association of Manufacturers. This coordinated the efforts of scores of industrial, state and district associations. The power of the employer over the worker was consequently increased. A man could not obtain employment anywhere in an industry after he had been suspected of being a union man or blacklisted. Factories closed their doors when their workers threatened to unite into associations similar to those of their employers. And against this powerful economic weapon in the hands of the employer the workers were helpless. The laws stood behind the money. The workers had no rights in the courts controlled by the employers and their friends.

During the World War a lull occurred in the antiunion activities of the employers due to the request of President Wilson that the workers be permitted freely to organize. Yet, no sooner had the shouting of the Armistice died away when labor faced Armageddon. The boom that had followed the war collapsed. By 1921 almost six million men were idle. The employers took this opportunity to oppose the wartime prerogatives of the unions. With the dismantling of the government wartime labor boards the employers' associations launched the most vigorous and successful open-shop campaign in American annals. The National Association of Manufacturers was joined by the United States Chamber of Commerce, the American Bankers' Association, The National Metal Trades Association, the League for Industrial Rights and the American Plan League in going after the unions. Employee representation plans were introduced on the theory that they would give the worker the right to do anything the management wanted him to do and supplant the desire to join a bona fide union and speak for himself.

The antiunion drive was successful. By the end of 1922 the American Federation of Labor alone had lost over a million members. But still the employers did not ease up on the laborers. They continued their exterminating drive against unionism until at the coming of the New Deal almost two million members had been weaned from the American Federation of Labor!

**W**ITH the advent of the New Deal and the attendant spectacular increase in union membership, organized antiunionism increased proportionately. The National Association of Manufacturers and its

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40,000 member manufacturers who are banded together under the National Industrial Council, carried on informational programs in its publications, over the radio, in the movies, and in the press. And it is the officers of these associations who are the major opponents of the National Labor Relations Act and the courts in enforcing the workers' right of self-organization. Those who are inclined to underestimate the power and influence of this opposition should but recall the success with which they have misrepresented the policies of the Board before the general public.

The nature of the Board's problem in enforcing the workers' right to collective bargaining in the face of this opposition may be indicated by a brief summary of the antiunion policies of the belligerent type of employers' associations.

Propaganda is the basic activity of antiunion employers and their associations. For this purpose immense sums are expended each year. For the past thirty years publicity bureaus, press services, subsidized speakers, pamphlets, and whispering campaigns have been maintained to spread the word that union leaders draw huge salaries, charge exorbitant dues, and squander the union's funds; that unions are rackets which extort tribute from the workers, the public and employers; that unions are anarchistic, syndicalistic, Bolshevik, Communistic, Fascistic, and un-American; that unions are law-breaking, subversive, irresponsible, terroristic and violent. The spreading of this propaganda has been expensive, but has been well worth the money.

The second important antiunion activity has been the direct use of the economic power of employers and their associations. There are several forms of this; discrimination, discharge, yellow-dog or iron-clad contracts, blacklist, lockouts, threats to move the plant to non-union territory, and the actual moving of the plant.

The third method includes the more subtle policies such as company unions, company welfare work, "independent" unions, and espionage.

The fourth class of antiunionism embraces the indirect action of employers and their associations through the government to prevent the laborers from organizing. In this category belongs the pressure made to bear on national and state legislatures, the labor injunction, the use of police and troops in labor disputes, and the maintaining of private police forces.

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Finally there have been and still are policies of antiunion violence in the form of beating, kidnaping and even the murdering of unionists; the brutal smashing of picket lines, and using the economic pressure to mobilize the community into citizens' committees, back-to-work movements, and vigilante organizations.

In all of these ways antiunion employers have operated singly and in groups. Group action has taken the form of pooling funds for any of the purposes enumerated above, filling each others orders in time of strikes, exchange of information and the use of powerful economic compulsion against those employers who refuse to assume an antiunion position.

**A**GAINST these practices the workers were helpless. They could not organize with security into unions as their employers had done. To correct this existing one-sidedness a law was passed to forbid the tactics which prevented the laborers from freely organizing. This law was the National Labor Relations Act. Its purpose was to equalize the situation, to give the employees the rights the employers had exercised for decades, to correct the one-sidedness that had existed since the War of Independence. To give the workers these rights Congress passed the act and entrusted to the board the duty of protecting the workers' right to bargain collectively. But experience had shown that the mere written guarantee of these rights was insufficient, meaningless, if it could be upheld only by the sheer physical or economic strength of the workers. Therefore Congress not only made the principle of collective bargaining a part of our national policy, but wrote into the act and instructed the board that it shall be considered an unfair labor practice for an employer: 1) "to interfere with, restrain, or coerce employees in the exercise of the rights guaranteed" by the act; 2) "to dominate or interfere with the formation or administration of any labor organization or contribute financial or other support to it;" 3) "by discrimination in regard to hire or tenure of employment or any term or condition of employment to encourage or discourage membership in any labor organization;" 4) "to discharge or otherwise discriminate against an employee because he has filed charges or given testimony under this act" and 5) "to refuse to bargain collectively with the representatives of his employees."

These prohibitions, as can readily be seen, are simply meant to

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counteract the antiunion activities of employers. They are lopsided. They forbid only the employer to perform certain acts. But they neutralize the former one-sided state of affairs. Before, all the advantages were in the hands of the employers. They could treat their employees as they pleased; as their conscience or feelings dictated. Then came the Wagner Act and put restrictions on the employers. By means of these restrictions the pre-existing one-sidedness of the capital-labor situation was neutralized. The worker who had been the underdog was put on a par with the employer before the law. The previous unfair conditions were curtailed and made equal by the limitation of the power of the stronger. Workers could organize into unions of their own choosing without fear of reprisals from their employers. The employees were permitted to form associations just as the employers had formed them.

**A**S FOR the abuses of which the employers' association complains, as resulting from the Wagner Act, such as racketeering, injustice, exorbitant union demands, and sabotage, they are not one-tenth as extensive as the fiercely increased propaganda unleashed by the same association would make the public believe. For these things, there are remedies distinct from handing the laboring classes back, body and soul, into the hands of those who paid non-living wages for decades, and then dumped the workingmen into the lap of the biggest depression in the history of the world.

### Bad Eggs

Some years ago 800 to 1200 people in prosperous Westchester County near New York City were poisoned by eating cream puffs and chocolate eclairs purchased from a quality bakeshop in the neighborhood. Authorities, after an investigation, rightly insisted that the bakers should not be prosecuted; hygienic and sanitary conditions in the bakery were excellent.

Someone not satisfied with this decision investigated the matter a little further, and found that the poisoning had been due to the eggs used. These eggs, he found, had come from a national distributor in Chicago. This distributor had received them from another distributor and egg packer in Nebraska. The eggs themselves had been laid in Missouri. How long an interval there was between their being layed, and their appearing as parts of the chocolate eclairs and cream puffs was not disclosed. It must have been sufficiently long.

## THOUGHT FOR THE SHUT-IN

L. F. HYLAND

Sickness makes philosophers of most men and women. A philosopher is one who asks and tries to answer the important question "Why?" Those who are confined by illness almost inevitably find themselves asking the questions: "Why am I thwarted in my desire for health? Why has this burden been laid upon me? Why must there be suffering of any kind in the world?"

The genuine philosopher, sick or well, builds up the answer to these questions slowly and carefully. He recognizes, first of all, that pain in any form is a penalty, and that a penalty always signifies guilt of some kind. There are two kinds of guilt for which penalties must be paid: the one is personal guilt, the other may be called social guilt. A man in prison is paying the penalty for some personal crime he committed; a man whose family name bears a stigma is paying the penalty of sins committed by his family.

The shut-in philosopher who reaches this point in answering his "Why?" now begins to see that his suffering is not an isolated instance. It is something he has in common with the whole of mankind. It is not always in the form of sickness; very often it is without any visible relation to personal sin, as when children are burdened with pain; to everybody it comes, sooner or later, in the form of death. This broad view makes him realize that, since all men suffer in one way or another, the whole human race is paying a price for some guilt which as one great family it has assumed.

It is natural for the philosopher who follows reason that far to cast about among historical records for some evidence of the guilt for which suffering is the penalty. He finds what he seeks in the bible narration of the fall of the parents of the human race, by which "sin entered the world and by sin, death."

Here enters the consoling element of the answer to the "Why?" If suffering is truly a penalty for the guilt of man, it is one of two kinds of penalty. Either it is a forced penalty imposed without hope of restoration to the state from which the human race has fallen, or it is a penalty that at the same time is a means of restoration to that happy state. However, it cannot be the former, because that would take on the character of injustice in the case of those who suffer, not for personal sins, but merely as members of a race that is fallen. It must be the latter, that suffering, on the one hand a penalty which each individual shares with all others, is at the same time a means of restoration to perfect happiness for those who bear it well.

Thus sickness makes men philosophers, and true philosophers inevitably find their way into the realms of hope and joy.

## FOR BRIDES ONLY!

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A confidential talk with the brides of the month, on a topic that too much of the world no longer esteems as sacred. It's for brides who want to remain undefiled.

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J. A. TREINEN

IT'S June again! And you don't need a calendar or a thermometer to make sure. At least I didn't. I knew it as soon as I took a ride downtown the other day. The Brides have told me so. They are on parade now, or rather, on display in the windows of our larger Retail Clothing Stores.

Always they are beautiful to behold — the brides on display. And this year especially, Paris really outdid itself in its bridal creations. It has even gone a little to the right in modesty this Spring; a turn rather unexpected if we are to believe the newspapers' accounts of present Paris morals. Anyway, they are very lovely, the brides behind the thick plate-glass.

But I know from hearsay that sometimes (I am ashamed to say 'very often') some living brides don't stay beautiful very long once they pack their veil away or throw away their bouquet. Somebody or something, maybe a friend, maybe a book, somehow manages to get into very intimate contact with the heart of a June bride. And then, inevitably, something happens to her.

She loses her freshness; her lustre suddenly pales, her whiteness is soiled. She reminds me for all the world of snow, once beautiful, but now turned slushy from the dirt of the streets. Somebody apparently as cunning as a serpent has pointed out to her a tree of evil. And she eats.

And yet that is not her calling. Her destiny is not to become a soiled thing but to stay white and glimmering as her bridal trousseau. Her happiness lies not in the eating of forbidden fruit, but in the bearing of the fruit of her womb. But some unholy thoughts and selfish desires begin to burn in her breast; and soon she walks no more with God. May God not spare those who whispered or printed the first word by which she became a traitor.

I wonder if those who are responsible in any way for her defile-

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ment really know why God makes brides. Maybe it isn't everybody's business. I don't say that it is. But I do say that brides ought to know who and why they are. Therefore, they at least should continue reading. Perhaps they will find the answer here.

ACCORDING to the records of true history, God made the first woman to be a bride precisely. And the name He gave her very accurately suggests the reason why He made her and the mission He imposed. EVE was her name. That was also her office. The name means Mother of All Living. The first office, therefore, was for her to be true to her name. This first bride, as per custom even today, was led by her Father to the first altar where awaited her the first groom God ever made. She had been made not only from this man, as history states, but also for him, as her Creator explicitly said. "It is not good for man to be alone. Let us make him a helpmate like unto himself." And so they were married. Together they were to do one work — to "increase and multiply." That was evidently the first and ultimate reason for their union. Together also, but *secondarily*, they were to have and to hold each other. That was to be the occasional moment of sweetness in the long years of bitterness.

But they didn't live happily ever after! The Garden of Paradise was quickly changed for the desert. Fortunately for them there were no busy-body neighbors to tell them how to avoid their duties. No eugenics and modern devices to tempt them. No false prophets or pamphlets to corrupt them. Nothing, in fact, to prevent them from doing the work which God's blessing had united them to do.

Naturally, therefore, in due time, their first-born came to make them the first Human Family. I never saw their financial report. But I am sure there was no Baby-Shower. There was no maternity ward; no anesthesia to keep the brutes of the field from hearing the hysterical groans of the first bride in labor! There were no baby-buggies, no perambulators; no maiden-aunt to keep house while mother was out entertaining herself; no grandmother to play with baby-dumpling when mother's nerves were on edge. No, this first groom and his bride literally started from scratch. And at the end of 900 years (their life-span), no records are extant to prove that they ever were well-to-do.

One thing alone was in their favor. They had a good memory. They never forgot why God had brought them together. And though they were

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completely bankrupt, even spiritually, when they left Eden, they didn't lose their head. They always remembered, that first groom and his bride, they never forgot the name and office of the woman; they never forgot their Wedding in Paradise. And for this, God remembered them.

MAYBE you didn't think there was anything to remember about their Wedding. How can you say that? There must have been a million things. Their Father, who made them, told them so much more than we can ever guess. They had no mother, you see. And somebody had to tell them. I wish I knew all that they were told. But I don't. However, my Mother, the Church, who is the Bride of the Heavenly Father's Son, told me some things about brides and grooms. I haven't the time nor you the patience to go through all of them now. But I want you to have some of them. It is your business to know, and part of mine to tell you. Listen, dear June bride of 1940. On your wedding day you are going to receive the name of the first bride. At least, to God you will be another Eve. And her office will be yours, too. On one of these Saturdays you shall be listed in God's "Who's Who" in the columns of the married. Up till now, you are still free. You are not yet another Eve. But once your name is changed, your freedom shall be much limited. And that is as it should be. For marriage is something God has made. No man can touch it. No law-court can change it. No argument can prevail against it. Once married, therefore, you shall belong to a society whose first purpose is to carry out God's work of "Increase and multiply." As a member of that society there are some things you ought to do; and some things you may never do. You shall, normally and ordinarily, be required to use your bodily powers positively toward the attaining of the purpose of your state. And, all voices to the contrary notwithstanding, you shall be forbidden, at all times and under all circumstances, to use any physical or chemical means, *before, during, or after* the use of your powers, for the purpose of preventing that work which God expects of your kind!

There you have the most important secret that God told the first bride on her wedding day. It was her duty to tell that secret to her daughters — the future mothers. But apparently, somewhere along the line, there has been a deadly silence. I am a little surprised at that silence for somebody told me once that the members of your sex find it hard to keep secrets. Oh! if only this one had never been kept!

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false and lying, are now loudly heard and too generally followed. As a result, there are women of your age and older, who have swung completely to the left in this matter. They try so hard to hide behind a hundred thin excuses to justify their default as servants in the work of God. But, hide as they will, they shall always glaringly stand out, in the eyes of their Maker, as legalized concubines. For where their mothers might have been silent, their own hearts if given a chance will tell them the truth. For as it was in the beginning, it is now and ever shall be. A marriage-license is not a permit or certificate which justifies *self-indulgence*. On the contrary, it is an official record that the owner belongs perpetually to that class which thinks of and works, *not for self but for the race*.

JUST to convince you (if proof is necessary) that all champions and followers of the other side are glaringly on the wrong side, I ask you to look at the contract of marriage you will soon make. Once you understand exactly and entirely what that contract means, you will never try to hide behind any falsehood regarding it.

In this contract, two human persons, by mutual consent, agree to exchange the use of their bodies one to the other. "The wife (now) hath not power of her own body, but the husband. And in like manner, the husband also hath not power of his own body, but the wife." And what is the object or purpose of this mutual exchange? It really is nothing very involved, nothing complicated but divinely simple. It is this: that mutually they might perform such actions, as can, of *their very nature*, beget a child. I wish you would read this again. Every word is heavy with meaning. Each is carefully chosen. I would be disappointed if you misunderstood or entirely failed to understand this all-important contract. Remember: *in the full use of your bodily powers* only such actions are permitted which of *their nature* can beget a child. If, therefore, you do what is permitted and expected in your state and still, through no deliberate fault of yours, there is no child begotten, you are blameless. You are not thereby untrue to your name. And any and all actions, therefore, that do not ultimately look to this primary effect of generation, or rather, any and all actions by which this effect is frustrated *on purpose*, are absolutely *outside of* and *contrary* to the contract. Therefore, they are not licit. They cannot rightfully be demanded by either

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partner — nor given when asked by either, under pain of defilement.

In the beginning it was so. And not all the waters of the deluge, not all the fires over Sodom and Gomorrah, nor all the floods of Birth Control Propaganda can or ever will destroy the essence of this sacred contract.

**O**NLY one word more, dear June bride. In looking through the records of the first bride, I found an expression on her lips of the highest success that can come to any bride. I want to pass it on to you. Here it is: When there lay in her arms for the first time in history of man, the first child born of the first man and woman, the first bride did not see the sunset nor the stars; she didn't hear the cry of the whippoorwill or the hoot of the owl; instead, she looked deep into the eyes of the Man at her side and cried:

"I have begotten a son through God."

Before another June rolls around, I pray her jubilant cry may be yours.

### —Apology For Writing a Book—

Dionysius the Carthusian gives this preface to one of his books:

From my heart I return thanks to God that I entered religion so young, in about my twenty-first year, since which I have now during forty-six years applied myself to study. I have read St. Thomas, Albert, Alexander de Hales, Bonaventure, Peter of Tarentum, Aegidius, Richard de Media Villa, Durandus, St. Jerome, Augustine, Ambrose, Gregory, Dionysius, Origen, Gregory Nazianzen, Cyrill, Basil, Chrysostom, Damascen, Boetius, Anselm, Bernard, Bede, Hugo, Gerson, William of Paris, besides all the ordinary sums and chronicles, all the canon and civil law, many commentaries on both Testaments, and as many of the natural philosophers as I could obtain . . . and although the Scripture is clearly and copiously expounded by the great doctors and holy fathers, yet, as St. Jerome saith, in the house of the Lord everyone should bring what he can."

### —Temperance—

"Madam," said the famous Dr. Samuel Johnson to a hostess who asked him if he would take a little wine, "Madam, I cannot take a *little*, and therefore I take none at all."

## MOMENTS AT MASS

### The Offertory Chant

F. A. BRUNNER

While the people are making their offering and the priest is preparing the paten and chalice for consecration, the choir sings a piece called the Offertory Chant, now little more than an ornate refrain, though at one time a rather lengthy psalm was interwoven with the refrain. The chant seeks to rouse the souls of the faithful disturbed by the collection, and to attach them to God for whose richness we exchange our poverty.

#### *History:*

According to St. Augustine, the custom of accompanying the offertory procession with song arose during his time in the church of Carthage in North Africa. It was brought to Rome much later, some time after the reign of Pope St. Gregory I.

These chants are quite ornamental, too difficult for any except a good solo voice or a well-trained group. They were conceived rather dramatically and provided the leading singers of the Papal choirs with an opportunity for displaying all their skill. Alcuin and Amalarius, scholars of the seventh and eighth century, were both enthusiastic admirers of these melodies, veritable gems of Gregorian planesong.

Akin in purpose to the Introit — both are processional chants designed to fill in a very distracting time — the Offertory Chant was shortened after the procession was discontinued, just as was the Introit. Where formerly psalm verses were added after the refrain, now only the refrain is sung.

Because the Offertories are among the least ancient of the chants of the Mass, their text is often borrowed from another portion of the Mass in question, the Introit, for instance, or the Communion. Like the Introit, the Gradual, and the Communion, the Offertory is numbered among the "Proper" portions of the Mass, because the text is variable with the day and festival.

#### *Practical Points:*

1. Listen to the chant where you have the opportunity. It is being sung to help maintain religious sentiments in your heart.
2. You are not to feel distracted because you cannot follow the prayers at the altar. These prayers between the "Dominus vobiscum" and the "Secret prayers" are private, for the priest himself. Your priestly office you fulfill by your mite in the collection basket.

# Catholic Anecdotes

## IMAGE WORSHIP

**T**HE Catholic teaching on the veneration of images is well brought out in the following story, which is concerned with a little Portuguese girl, Lucia de Jesus dos Santos. On May 13, 1917, the Blessed Virgin appeared to her together with two other children at Fatima in Portugal, and Our Lady of Fatima has since become a shrine attracting thousands of pilgrims.

"Do you prefer to pray before a statue of Our Lady of Fatima?" Lucia was asked by those who sought to discredit her.

"I do not need images to pray," was the reply, "but I honor them, to be in harmony with the spirit of the Church. I do not pray to the statue but to the Virgin who is in heaven; I transport myself there."

"But they say you have great devotion to the statue of Our Lady of Lourdes in the chapel of the Dorotheans at Tuy?"

"Not to the statue, but to the Virgin, Our Lady, who is in heaven. It makes no difference to me whether the statue is of Lourdes or of La Salette or of Loreto or of Fatima; just as I love my earthly mother always in the same way, whether she wears her Sunday clothes or her week-day ones she is always the same to me."

## AIDING THE COMMUNIST

**T**HE late Cardinal Verdier of Paris had a great love for his people, and knew how to approach them even under circumstances that would have been embarrassing for most men.

On one occasion he attended some special service in a Paris Church, and as he came out afterwards, a Communist in the crowd began to curse and blaspheme in the most horrible language, centering his remarks upon the person of the Cardinal himself.

The Cardinal hesitated, glanced around, and singled out the man in the crowd. With an affable smile, he approached him, and said:

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"Look here, my friend, if you must curse, why don't you use the word —, just as everyone else does?" The "curse-word" recommended by the Cardinal was a French expletive full of meaning, but harmless enough from a moral standpoint.

The crowd burst out laughing, and the Communist had to retire from the field as gracefully as he could.

### THIS SHALL BE A SIGN . . .

**A** DEVOUT merchant who gave generous alms to St. Theresa asked her for her prayers that his salvation might be assured.

"I have prayed earnestly for you," the saint wrote to him, "and it has been revealed to me that your name is written in the book of life. And as a sign of the truth of what I say, you shall never again prosper in your worldly affairs."

And so it turned out. The merchant's ships were sunk; he lost his money and would have been sent to jail for his debts were it not for the kindness of his creditors.

But he died full of consolation, recognizing in these temporal losses the sign of his salvation.

### FORTHRIGHT MORALITY

**T**HE renowned revivalist Billy Sunday often showed himself (perhaps without knowing it) to be in alliance with the Church on some point of morals. He relates that on one occasion a well-dressed man with a young woman at his side came to him and asked him to marry them.

"Have either of you been married before?" was one of Billy's first questions.

"Not the young lady. I have," the man replied.

"Is your wife living or dead?"

"She's alive."

"Then beat it, you lobster."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean according to my interpretation of the Bible I haven't any right to hook you up to that girl."

"But I have a license here from the county clerk."

"Some things that are legally right are morally wrong. That's one of them," said the irate Billy.

# Pointed Paragraphs

## *For Every Sinner*

Is it possible to waken, in the hearts of those who are at present indifferent about all the finer, most personal things concerning the practice of their religion, so eminently personal and practical a thing as devotion to the Sacred Heart? Can they who seldom receive Holy Communion, who never attend any religious service except Mass and that only (and not always) when they are commanded, be suddenly motivated to do extra things for the love of the Sacred Heart? These questions come to one who sees how weak is the grip and the influence of faith on the practical lives of many men and women.

The answer is that it is possible, but only by one means, and that is by convincing such persons that they are sinners and that they need escape from, atonement for, and protection against their sins. History reveals that men have been converted not only from sinfulness but from rank paganism to the most zealous and devout practice of the Catholic faith by the conviction of their sins. Gilbert Chesterton, asked directly why he became a Catholic, answered curtly: "To get rid of my sins." Hundreds of others, less famous than he, have been driven into the arms of the love of the Sacred Heart by the pursuing thought of the terror of their sins.

Moreover, among the millions of persons who this month will be doing "extra things" for the love of the Sacred Heart, there will be a high majority who once upon a time were indifferent, cold, indevout and callous to the meaning of sin. Their growth in devotion to the Sacred Heart has kept pace with their realization of what sin has done to them and to God.

It all stands to reason. One momentary glimpse of one's soul when it is defiled by sin (and whose soul has never been defiled?) makes one look for relief and cleansing and protection. All that one seeks is found in the Sacred Heart, the Heart of Him Who came

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to save sinners, Who rejected not one who turned to Him, Who died on a cross to wipe out sin and provide the graces necessary to avoid it.

If you can't quite see why you should join the ranks of those millions who will be receiving Holy Communion often during June, we suggest that you retire to a hidden spot alone some time and keep solitary company with the thought of your own secret and open sins. If that does not teach you what you owe to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and what you can win from that Heart, then you are callous and hard, and, in one sense, irredeemable indeed.

### "I Do"

Right and left, they'll be saying "I do" during the month of June to the most important question that can be asked of a man or a maid. There will be flowers and gay gowns, rice-throwing and wedding breakfasts, happy wishes and honeymoons, but a lot will depend on the foreknowledge and understanding of what's contained in that "I do."

"For better, for worse—I do take you." It is too bad that the officiating priest cannot interpolate a little at this point and put in some nouns for those adjectives "better or worse" to modify. "For a better home or a worse home, from a material viewpoint, than I have known before, for better food or worse food, for better pleasures or worse pleasures, for better comforts or worse comforts—I take you and I will cling to you forever."

"For richer, for poorer—I do take you." Again the interpolations: "Whether you keep your job or lose it, whether you get a raise or a cut in your salary, whether we have to scrimp and save and sacrifice or not when the children come—I take you, and I will stay with you until my dying day."

"In sickness and in health—I take you." Add a practical view of what that may mean: "Whether you become an invalid requiring all my attention and care, whether the cost of illness takes from us every comfort we ever dreamed of possessing, whether you grow old before me and need me as a child needs a mother, whether disease wastes you away and takes from you all the charm that has won my love—I take you and shall stand by you to the end."

"Until death do us part." Mark that word *death*: "Not until a

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disagreement about expenditures shall part us, not until the weariness and monotony of daily companionship shall sever us, not until we feel that we have grown incompatible to one another, not until one of us happens to be attracted by some new face or form, not until we find faults in one another that we never dreamed were there, but — until *death* do us part, we shall be loyal to one another."

The words of the formula of the vow include all these things. It is good to ponder it well beforehand, so that some element of the promise may not come up afterwards as a grim and overwhelming surprise. Moreover that is one sure way of finding happiness in married life — starting out ready for anything — together.

### ***Bland Falsehood***

"If it's in print, it must be true," was once upon a time a slogan for people deprived of all sources of knowledge save the written word. Nothing ever indicated a greater faith in human nature. Yet there was a time when such guileless faith was not entirely unjustified: once upon a time love of truth was common enough (though there were always exceptions) to make it seem reasonable to believe what men said without too much fear that they were lying.

Today, if you are reasonable, you have to have a constant fear that somebody is lying to you by means of the printed word. Certainly there isn't anyone so naive as to accept the communiques from the various warring governments as the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. The technique of lying has been geared to a high degree of efficiency, but those who use it seem oblivious of the fact that John Q. Public no longer assumes that newsprint usually contains truth.

But war is not the only occasion for lying in print. The current social problem is often naively settled once and for all with the ready aid of a few lies. Take the nimble assumption of an editorial writer in *Collier's* of a few weeks ago as an example. Writing on the Wagner Act and suggesting changes, he courageously objects to changing the wording of the Act which declares it to be American policy to encourage collective bargaining, because, says he, "it has been American policy to encourage collective bargaining for decades."

That's about as bland a misstatement of fact as you will find coming even out of a war. Moreover it is loaded with dynamite. It is

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not in any sense an innocent lie. It is intended to create, in uninformed minds, the impression that, since for years the United States and its well-intentioned employers have been working tooth and nail to incorporate collective bargaining into business, the responsibility for the continued strife and unrest on the economic front rests squarely and solely on the shoulders of labor.

While labor has its responsibility, it certainly does not bear it alone. And anything you read in print that tries to make it appear so is just another example of how today you will find many things in print that simply "ain't so."

### **Principle vs. Profit**

The most amazing newspaper story in the world is this tale of the *Osservatore Romano*, semi-official daily newspaper of the Vatican, whose policies are accountable only to the Pope and his secretariate.

Before the war, the *Osservatore Romano* had about 9,000 subscribers, many of them outside Italy. When the Germans invaded Russia, Italians found that the only reliable source of information on the *blitzkrieg* was the Vatican paper, which, besides being uncensored, had sources of information other papers could not tap. The circulation of the *Osservatore* jumped to 120,000 almost over night.

The editor of the paper, Count Giuseppe Dalla Torre, thereupon smashed all the best principles of journalism to smithereens. Lest the paper become a political storm center, he limited its circulation to 32,000 and absolutely refused to have more copies than that printed.

A better example, for Americans, of the power of principle over greed, can hardly be found in the annals of the business world. The 80,000 subscribers turned down by the *Osservatore* represent a huge sum of money, and we doubt whether there is any principle known to American business that could induce such a sacrifice. Perhaps it will be an eye-opener, anyway, convincing skeptics who think that no one is immune to the love of profit, that such things can be.

### **A New Problem**

Father Cronin, the author of numerous works on social and economic problems, believes that the starting point of social reform

is the reform of social conditions. Remove the slums, slave wages and all the other wretched arrangements and conditions that are slowly destroying men, and you are on your way to a happier and holier society. Not that he minimizes personal reformation; but social reformation is the soil in which personal reformation and holiness can flourish.

Paul McGuire, representative of the Knights of Columbus, lecturer, and fervent advocate of Catholic Action, maintains that social reform begins with personal reform. Erect a holier society and you will erect a better-paid, better-housed, happier society. Not that the removal of slums and slave wages should be neglected by government and those in authority. But this new order of things will rise out of the people if the people are aware of their membership in Christ's Mystical Body, and if they act and live accordingly.

In theory we are inclined to agree with Mr. McGuire. If people could cast off their indifference to spiritual things and realize fully their obligations of justice and charity to the neighbor, they would be impelled by the zeal which would suddenly become a part of them to work for the removal of those social conditions that were a direct violation of justice and charity.

But in practice we think that the two must go side by side. The Church must labor for the personal sanctification of each one of her children. The government, and all those who are in a position to do so, must labor for the removal of social evils that make personal sanctification so difficult. If that is union of Church and state, well — it is a worthy union, the only union that will repair the sad state of present day economic and social affairs.

### **A New Solution**

Personal reformation and social reformation must go side by side. The one is as necessary as the others. Granted. But there must be even more than that if the people are to enjoy that measure of happiness which God wants and their dignity as men demands.

We believe that the government is trying to do its part in social reformation, and that if the administration were to be changed, still the same operations and projects would be carried on. In every city of any size in the country rotten and dilapidated houses are

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giving way to clean and healthy apartments. Whole sections are being razed to the ground, destroyed to the last stick with all their squalor, vermin and festering odors. This is in line with the Papal encyclicals.

We believe also that many of the people are doing their part in the way of personal sanctification. Churches are crowded, converts are numerous, the Faith is flourishing — and that in spite of the numerous back-sliders and indifferent souls who for some strange reason cling to the fringes of the garment of great price.

But apparently that is not enough for the social betterment of the race. Slums still exist; wages in many places still are low; farmers still are starving.

We believe that part of the solution lies in this. While priests are laboring to sanctify their parishioners, they are not laboring (on a scale large enough to make an impression) sufficiently to instruct their parishioners on what they can do and should do in order to raise the social level of the city, or even of the neighborhood.

It is not enough to tell the abject poor to be resigned to their poverty — they should be told ways and means of rising above their poverty — and all under the plea that they have obligations as members of the Mystical Body of Christ. They should be shown how they can help one another, not only by prayer, but also in the matter of retaining a tottering job, or of bettering the conditions under which they are working, or of securing a raise in salary for each increase in the family.

Banding together into groups will effect this end, we believe. But the groups must first be alive with goodness, with virtue, with personal sanctity. Then their consultations under the priest their leader will inevitably bear fruit.

### Signs Recently Seen—

Hospital to rent or sell. Easy terms. (Downtown New York)

Parking. For Undertakers only. (Next to a casket factory)

Bring your laundry here. No machinery used to tear your clothes. We do it by hand. (Seen outside a laundry)

Poll at Smith Indicates 54 per cent are Anti-Roosevelt. Majority found opposed to a Woman For President. (Headline in New York newspaper)

# LIGUORIANA

## EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

### VISITS TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

#### *Introduction*

Our holy faith teaches us, and we are bound to believe, that in the consecrated Host, Jesus Christ is really present under the species of bread. But we must also understand that He is thus present on

our altars as on  
From : a throne of love  
Visits to the and mercy, to  
Blessed Sacrament dispense graces  
and the Blessed and there to  
Virgin show us the love

which He bears us, by being pleased to dwell night and day hidden in the midst of us.

It is well known that the Holy Church instituted the festival of Corpus Christi with a solemn octave, and that she celebrates it with the many usual processions, and so frequent expositions of the Blessed Sacrament, that men may thereby be moved gratefully to acknowledge and honor this loving presence and dwelling of Jesus Christ in the Sacrament of the Altar, by their devotions, thanksgivings, and the tender affections of their souls. O God! how many insults and outrages has not this amiable Redeemer had, and has He not daily, to endure in this Sacrament on the part of those very men for whose love He remains upon their altars on earth! Of this He indeed complained to His dear servant St. Margaret Mary Alacoque, as the author of the *Book of Devotion to the Heart of Jesus* relates. One day, as she was in prayer before the Most Holy Sacrament, Jesus showed

her His heart on a throne of flames, crowned with thorns, and surmounted by a cross, and thus addressed her: "Behold the heart which has loved men so much, and which has spared itself nothing; and has even gone so far as to consume itself, thereby to show them its love; but in return the greater part of men only show Me ingratitude, and this by the irreverences, tepidity, sacrileges, and contempt which they offer to Me in this sacrament of love: and that which I feel the most acutely is, that they are hearts consecrated to Me." Jesus then expressed His wish that the first Friday after the octave of Corpus Christi should be dedicated as a particular festival in honor of His adorable heart; and that on that day all souls who loved Him should endeavor, by their homage, and by the affection of their souls, to make amends for the insults which men have offered Him in this Sacrament of the Altar; and at the same time He promised abundant graces to all who should thus honor Him.

We can understand what Our Lord said of old by His prophet, that His delight is to be with the children of men; since He is unable to tear Himself from them even when they abandon and despise Him. This also shows us how agreeable all those souls are to the Heart of Jesus who frequently visit Him, and remain in His company in the churches in which He is, under the sacramental species. He desired St. Mary Magdalene of Pazzi to visit Him in the Most Blessed Sacrament

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thirty-three times a day; and this beloved spouse of His faithfully obeyed Him, and in all her visits to the altar approached it as near as she possibly could, as we read in her life.

But let all those devout souls who often go to spend their time with the Most Blessed Sacrament speak; — let them tell us the gifts, the inspirations which they have received, the flames of love which are enkindled in their souls, the paradise which they enjoy in the presence of this hidden God.

The servant of God and great Sicilian missionary, Father Louis La Nusa, was, even in his youth and as a layman, so enamored of Jesus Christ, that he seemed unable to tear himself from the presence of his beloved Lord. Such were the joys which he there experienced, that his director commanded him, in virtue of obedience, not to remain there for more than an hour. The time having elapsed, he showed in obeying (says the author of his life), that in tearing himself from the bosom of Jesus Christ he had to do himself just such violence as a child that has to detach itself from its mother's breast in the very moment in which it is satiating itself with the utmost avidity; and when he had to do this, we are told that he remained standing with his eyes fixed on the altar, making repeated inclinations, as if he knew not how to quit his Lord, whose presence was so sweet and gracious to him.

To St. Aloysius it was also forbidden to remain in the presence of the Most Blessed Sacrament; and as he used to pass before it, finding himself drawn, so to speak, by the sweet attractions of his Lord, and almost forced to remain

there, he would, with the greatest effort, tear himself away, saying, with an excess of tender love: *Depart from me, O Lord, depart!* There it was also that St. Francis Xavier found refreshment in the midst of his many labors in India; for he employed his days in toiling for souls, and his nights in the presence of the Most Blessed Sacrament. St. John Francis Regis did the same thing; and sometimes finding the church closed, he endeavored to satisfy his longings by remaining on his knees outside the door, exposed to the rain and cold, that at least at a distance he might attend upon his comforter concealed under the sacramental species. St. Francis of Assisi used to go to communicate all his labors and undertakings to Jesus in the Most Holy Sacrament.

But tender indeed was the devotion of St. Wenceslaus, Duke of Bohemia, to the Most Holy Sacrament. This holy king was so enamored of Jesus there present, that he not only gathered the wheat and grapes, and made the hosts and wine with his own hands, and then gave them to be used in the Holy Sacrifice, but he used, even during the winter, to go at night to visit the church in which the Blessed Sacrament was kept. These visits enkindled in his beautiful soul such flames of divine love, that their ardor imparted itself to his body, and took from the snow on which he walked its wonted cold; for it is related that the servant who accompanied him in these nightly excursions, having to walk through the snow, suffered much from the cold. The holy King, on perceiving this, commanded him to follow him; he did so, and never afterwards felt the cold.

## Book Reviews

### LITURGY

*The Sacrifice.* By Paul Bussard. Published by the Leaflet Missal, St. Paul, Minn. Pp. 210. Price, \$1.00.

Father Bussard has

given us in this little volume a remarkably lucid and engaging study of the Mass as the supreme act of the Liturgy. The structure of the Mass is thoroughly analyzed, and with the help of the author we see it clearly in its component parts and as a corporate whole. Not one person in a hundred, we venture to say, is aware of the wonderful unity in diversity which was brought about by the contact of the Roman genius for organization upon the beautiful and expressive liturgical prayers and actions, old and new, with which Christians surrounded their highest act of worship. Father Bussard's exposition of this unity in variety is as satisfying as any we have seen. He rightly insists, of course, that if the Mass is not understood as a corporate act of worship on the part of priest and faithful, it is not understood at all. There is no one who cannot deepen his knowledge and love of the Mass by a careful reading of this book, and the author is to be commended for publishing it at a price within the reach of all.—L. G. M.

*Catholigetics, or Quizzes to Street Preachers.* A series of ten booklets on most common queries from street audiences. By Rev. L. Rumble and Rev. C. M. Carty. Published by Rev. C. M. Carty, "Radio Replies," St. Paul, Minn. Price, single copy, 10c; 25 for \$2.25; 50 for \$4.00.

These little booklets contain objections just as stated to points of Catholic teaching, with a satisfying answer for each objection. Each booklet is on a special topic, and the ten topics treated are: the Bible, Purgatory, Indulgences, Confession, Marriage, Hell, Birth Prevention, the Eucharist, the True Church, and Virgin and Idol Worship. The matter is culled from the actual preaching experiences of the two authors, and is certainly Catholic apologetics ("Catholigetics") in its most popular form. A wealth of information is to be found in each booklet, and one or more of

*Books reviewed here may be ordered through The Liguorian. These comments represent the honest opinion of the reviewers, with neither criticism nor deserving praise withheld.*

them might be just the thing to hand to your non-Catholic friend who is becoming "interested" in the Church.—L. G. M.

### HISTORY

*Our Lady of Fátima.* By Monsignor Finbar Ryan, O.P., Titular Archbishop of Gabula. 187 pages. Published by B. Herder Book Company, St. Louis. Price, \$1.75.

On May 13, 1917, in the little town of Fátima, Portugal, the Blessed Virgin appeared to three children. "She seemed about eighteen years old, and was very beautiful. Her vesture was purest white, but the mantle, covering her head and flowing round her body, was richly edged with gold. A golden cord ending in a tassel hung around her neck. Her face, of heavenly loveliness, was reposeful, though serious, and with the suggestion of sadness. Her hands were joined before her breast, and from the right hung an exquisite white Rosary of pearly beads with cross attached. Her feet were partly obscured by a shimmering cloud resting slightly upon the tree above which she appeared. . ." The story of this first appearance and of many subsequent appearances of the Mother of God are told in the book *Our Lady of Fátima*. Any book that tells of the glories of the Blessed Virgin must be interesting. This book is especially interesting because it tells of Mary's interest in her children even in the present day. The author recounts that on one occasion there were close to half a million people at the place where Mary had foretold the children she would come. And to prove that she was actually there, she worked the startling miracle of causing the sun to revolve like some gigantic catherine-wheel, throwing out great shafts of coloured light which flashed and fell upon sky and earth. All who were there saw the phenomenon. Some even took pictures of it and had them published in the daily papers. This happened on the 12th of October, 1917. Bishop Ryan has done a good work in writing the history of *Our Lady of Fátima*.—E. F. M.

*Ten Blessed Years. A Brief History of the Apostolate of Suffering 1926-1936.* By

## THE LIGUORIAN

Clara M. Tirry. Published by the Apostolate of Suffering, Milwaukee, Wis. pp. xiv-306.

This beautiful little book is far more than the title suggests. It is an inspiration. Every page, every word of it throbs with the love of God which beats steadily and strongly in the suffering heart of its author. It is much more than a brief summary of the history of ten years of remarkable love for God. It is a loving monument of praise and thanksgiving to God who has seen fit to do so much good through its author.

She is the founder of the Association known as the Apostolate of Suffering. And the same abiding cheerfulness that shines from her features and which has characterized her strong and unwearied zeal in energizing the sick and in making God better known and better loved by the work of the Apostolate, breathes a beautiful atmosphere into this little book.

This grand work of the Apostolate of Suffering was originated by a person of our own times. She is one of us. She was guided and helped and encouraged by people we all know and love. That the work is God's work is proved by the humble spirit in which it has been done and is being done and by the marvellous fruits it has produced.

The book is more than interesting. It is enthralling. Each succeeding page seems to grip the reader more than the preceding one. It is an instructive book and above all it is a grand inspiration. No Catholic can read it without drawing an immense amount of profit from it.

Unstinted praise is due the authoress for the magnificent work she has done and is doing and for the beautiful book she has written to describe that work in her own inimitable way and while recommending the book highly to everybody we commend ourselves to the prayers of Clara Tirry.—E. A. M.

*The Decline of Nations. Its Causes and Cure.* By the Most Rev. John F. Noll, D.D. Published by Our Sunday Visitor Press, Huntington, Indiana, 1940. Pages 424 with an introduction and Table of Contents. Price, cloth cover, \$1.50. Paper, single copy, \$1.00; \$65.00 per 100 copies.

This precious book should be in every home. It is an able presentation of the facts that might be called the symptoms of the ailment that troubles the world today, the history of the ailment, its causes and the one complete and satisfy-

ing remedy that can and will cure. The book is divided into two almost equal parts, the first part being in general the presentation of facts, the second part, the analysis and solution or remedy. The esteemed author is eminently scientific both in presentation and in analysis but withal he is so plain and so clear that the book may be read intelligently even by those who have no scientific training. It is a very fine book and well worth reading by anyone who wishes to know the state of the world today.—E. A. M.

## INSTRUCTION

*The Commandments of God.* By Rev. Thomas B. Roche, C.Ss.R. Published by Mission Church Press, 1545 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass. Pages 132. Paper cover. Price, \$0.25 per copy. All copies over ten, \$0.20.

In the introduction to this book Bishop Murray of Saskatoon, Canada, says that the treatise is written for the man of the street; that it lays no claims to an exhaustive and complete study of God's Commandments; but that it is clear, intelligible, exact and interesting. We would go one step further than did the Bishop, and say that it is one of the finest expositions of the Commandments that we have yet come across. Its excellence lies in this that it discusses the problems that are bothering people today. It is one thing to enunciate a principle, but quite another thing to interpret that principle in the light of modern customs and ways of action. While morality itself does not change, every age demands that different points be stressed. Father Roche has stressed most of the points that bother people today. For example, under the first Commandment, black cats, broken mirrors, fortune telling, chain prayers, magic are examined. Under the sixth Commandment a clear exposition is given first of the conditions necessary for the commission of a sin against this commandment. Then the author treats the morality of kissing, embracing, vulgar and unclean speech, improper reading, and various other practices that young and old are taking up today unmindful of the danger in which they are thereby placing themselves. Each explanation is accompanied by an example. We could suggest no better book for the instruction of teachers and for supplementary reading on the part of pupils in the class room.—E. F. M.



## Catholic Comment



In the midst of the all-absorbing interest of the war-front news, things are happening in other countries not directly involved that bear watching. Potential dynamite is contained in the news that Russia is very close to famine at the present time. Many causes have precipitated the condition. Two successive bad harvests have been experienced in Russia. The Finnish war took innumerable men and horses away from the farms that might have provided necessities, so much so that one observer offers the opinion that if Finland could have kept up the war for another two months Russia would have had a hunger-crazed people in revolt. As it is, Stalin has been trying to finance the war and further armament by taxing the peasants beyond all endurance. He has recently laid a heavy tax, not only on all arable land, but on all the land, productive or not, under the care of the collective farmers. Passive resistance has broken out in the form of refusal to cultivate even the fertile tracts of land. Already there are bread-lines and exorbitant charges for necessities. The situation is so bad in Moscow itself that a law has been passed prohibiting any Russian living beyond 50 miles of the capitol to enter the city, lest he buy supplies there that are sorely needed by the city dwellers themselves. Heavy penalties are imposed on those who, driven by hunger, sometimes walk 75 or 100 miles to Moscow to try to get a little food for their families.

◎

It is difficult to speculate on what the conscienceless Stalin will do when the situation gets more acute, as it seems almost certain to do. The history of modern times almost demonstrates that the only remedy a dictator knows for a condition of strain in his own country is the conquest of neighboring weaker nations. Will Stalin look to Bessarabia and the Danube for help, following the patented plan of going to the "protection" of the little countries with a mechanized army? Or will he wait until the present warring parties are weakened to the point of unconsciousness and then jump in with both feet to gather up spoils? Hitler saw no contradiction in saying on the one hand that the smaller nations needed "protection" and on the other that his people needed *lebensraum*, and were going to have it whether it meant putting the "protected" nations out of existence. Stalin may decide that his people need food, even though he has to "protect" other nations to the point of destruction.

◎

Mexico is creeping into the news with an election coming up in July. Lazaro Cardenas is due to leave the president's office, and his successor will most probably be either Avila Comacho or Juan Andreu Almazan. The former is backed by the Party of the Mexican Revolution, and is said to support many of its anti-clerical laws such as the communistic decrees on education. However, it is not known whether he will, if elected, follow the policy Cardenas has pursued since 1935, viz., let things rest without too vigorously disturbing the present quiet situa-

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tion, or whether he will make the constitution his authority for intensifying religious persecution. Almazan, on the contrary, has come out strongly for free education, freedom of religion, rectifying the unjust seizure of foreign business holdings in Mexico, and other rightist enactments. Hence he is an enemy of the Revolutionary Party, and the word of the latter is given that they will see to it by fair means or foul that he is not elected. Nevertheless it is said that Almazan has the army with him, and recent news reports claim that he is being received enthusiastically on his campaign trips through the country. With the situation as it is, we should advise United States citizens to stay out of Mexico until the election is over, because there is every possibility of flare-ups of violence, and during such periods the streets of the larger cities have never been the safest places for American citizens. If Almazan is elected safely, it seems that Mexico will be in for one of the sanest regimes it has had in many decades.



If ever our own country needed calmness and straight thinking, it needs them now. Powerful forces are already on the stump, recommending that we leap into war. Yet the sentiment of the people as a whole has not yet been carried away. Rather the general attitude seems to be, let us have the facts before we make any decisions. If the nation can keep that attitude, no half-cocked demagogues will lead it blind-folded into folly. There is danger, however, that the "fifth column" scare is operating on mob psychology and causing regrettable incidents. It is probably true that there are plenty of spies of one kind and another in the country, and it is certain that the government should set in operation its most efficient forces to uncover them. But the dangerous spies and "fifth columnists" are not those that can be recognized by a mob roaming the streets. They are more likely to be concealed under appearances that would deceive even the elect. Real spying and undermining the country are done in secret, and have to be uncovered by secret agents who know their business. Suspicions should be passed on to them, and not made the incentive for open acts of violence, which not only defeat their purpose but involve innocent persons as often as not.



As a whole, the country seems to favor the broad defense plans proposed by the president. But he did well to state vigorously that strong measures will be taken to prevent individuals and corporations from amassing fortunes out of the colossal industrial expansion that will take place in the armament field. Our memories are not so short that we have forgotten the Nye investigations following the last war, though they seem hardly worth a mention by many who are trying to mold public opinion these days, and we find it simply impossible to agree with the childlike naivete of General Hugh Johnson, who in looking for stones to cast at the president, made this foolish statement: "No truly American industry seeks profits due to war." In other words, the president ought to have had more sense than to suggest that measures would prevent profiteering in war products. If Hugh Johnson has that much faith in American industry, then we have not much faith in Hugh Johnson's ability to tell us what the country needs.

## **L u c i d   I n t e r v a l s**

The clerk at the office for registry of births, marriages, and deaths was new to his job and not very well acquainted with the customary procedure. He was also slightly deaf.

"I want a certificate—" began the caller.

"What name?" asked the clerk.

"New—Thomas New."

"Pardon me, I didn't quite catch it."

"I'm New. New to you! New to everybody! New to the world!"

"What you want is a birth certificate," said the clerk absent-mindedly.

\*

"Now, children," said the teacher, "I want you to be very still so you can hear a pin drop."

In a moment all was silent, when a little boy cried out, "Okay, teacher, let 'er drop."

\*

Johnny, on his ninth birthday, had had a party. It was all over, and he was now gazing wistfully at the remains of the cake.

"Mother," he said, "may I have a piece of cake, only a small piece, please?"

"No," replied his mother. "You've had quite enough."

"Well, may I sleep with a bit under my pillow?" asked the boy.

"Very well. Here you are, and remember to keep it under your pillow. Now run along to bed."

On going up to Johnny's room some time later, his mother was amazed to see Johnny sleeping peacefully with the pillow over his stomach.

\*

Visitor: "There's a boy named George Johnson working here. I'm his grandfather. May I see him for a few moments?"

Office Manager: "You just missed him. He has gone to your funeral."

\*

A little more smile, a little less frown;  
A little less kicking a man when he's down;

A little more "we," a little less "I";  
A little more laugh, a little less cry;

A little more flowers on the pathway of life

And fewer on graves at the end of the strife.

"Don't you know, Rufus, that you can't sell life insurance without a state license?"

"Yes, Boss. Ah knowed Ah couldn't sell it, but Ah didn't know de reason."

\*

"Last night a hold-up man stuck a gun in my ribs and I only laughed."

"My, you must be brave!"

"No, only ticklish."

\*

A clerk in a large office ventured to approach the manager with a plea for promotion. "I've been in my present position since the time you became manager, sir," the clerk began.

"I know it—I know it," responded the great one, waving him away. "I have a reputation for being a very patient and considerate man."

\*

A concert was being held at the village schoolroom, and it came to Sandy's turn to give his bagpipe solo. When the applause had died down a voice from the back shouted: "Give us 'Annie Laurie,' Sandy!"

"What?" asked Sandy, surprised and flattered. "Again?"

\*

Teacher turned away from the blackboard, where she had been writing.

"Read out that sentence, Willie," she said.

"He was bent on seeing his old school," read Willie.

"Now, children," continued teacher, "I want you all to paraphrase that sentence."

Chewing his pen, Willie regarded the blackboard. Then his face lit up. Busily he wrote, "The sight of the old school doubled him up."

\*

Butcher (to elderly lady): "What can I do for you, Madam?"

Lady: "I'd like to try some of that track meat I heard so much about this spring."

\*

"I had an embarrassing experience last night. At a party I accidentally sat on the hostess' Pekingese."

"What happened?"

"Oh, nothing. He had a muzzle on."

## **INSIDE STORY**

The inside story of Redemptorist missionary life has recently been told by a Redemptorist in the biography of a widely known Redemptorist missionary who died last year. The missionary was Father Charles Harrison, C.Ss.R.; the author is Father Andrew Browne, C.Ss.R.; the name of the book is "Father Charlie."

The informality of the title symbolizes the informal character of the story the book unfolds. What do missionaries do when among themselves? What do they talk about? What are their private and personal ambitions, aims, dreams, plans? What are their recreations and amusements? These questions are intimately answered in the story of one who traveled the country from one end to the other, devoting all his energies to the saving of souls.

The book may be ordered through **THE LIGUORIAN**. Its price is \$1.50.

# Motion Picture Guide

**THE PLEDGE:** *I condemn indecent and immoral motion pictures, and those which glorify crime or criminals. I promise to do all that I can to strengthen public opinion and to unite with all who protest against them. I acknowledge my obligation to form a right conscience about pictures that are dangerous to my moral life. As a member of the Legion of Decency, I pledge myself to remain away from them. I promise, further, to stay away altogether from places of amusement which show them as a matter of policy.*

The following films have been rated as unobjectionable by the board of reviewers:

## Reviewed This Week

Bad Man from Red Butte  
Kid from Santa Fe, The

Rocky Mountain Rangers  
Sandy Is a Lady

## Previously Reviewed

Abe Lincoln in Illinois  
Angel from Texas, An  
Biscuit Eater, The  
Blazing Six Shooters  
Blondie on a Budget  
Blue Bird, The  
British Intelligence  
Brother Rat and a Baby  
Buck Benny Rides Again  
Bullets Code  
Bullets for Rustlers  
Calling Philo Vance  
Charlie Chan in Panama  
Charlie McCarthy, Detective  
Cheyenne Kid, The  
Courageous Dr. Christian  
Covered Wagon Days  
Covered Wagon Trails  
Cowboy from Sundown  
Curtain Call  
Danger on Wheels  
Dark Command  
Death Goes North  
Edison, the Man  
Enemy Agent  
Fighting 69th  
Five Little Peppers at Home  
Florian  
Gaucho Serenade  
Geronimo  
Ghost Valley Raiders  
Golden Gloves  
Goodbye, Mr. Chips

Granny Get Your Gun  
Grandpa Goes to Town  
Great Victor Herbert, The  
Gulliver's Travels  
Half a Sinner  
Heroes of the Saddle  
Hidden Enemy  
Hidden Gold  
Hi-yo Silver  
House of the Seven Gables, The  
If I Had My Way  
Invisible Man Returns  
Isle of Destiny  
It's a Date  
Judge Hardy and Son  
Knights of the Range  
Land of Six Guns  
La Conga Nights  
Life of Mother Cabrini  
Lightning Strikes  
Light of Western Stars  
Lion Has Wings, The  
Little Miss Molly  
Little Old New York  
Little Orvie  
Ma, He's Making Eyes at Me  
Man from Tumbleweeds, The  
Marines Fly High  
Mercy Plane  
Music in My Heart  
Northwest Passage  
On Their Own  
One Million B. C.

Opened by Mistake  
Pals of Silver Sage  
Pinocchio  
Pioneer Days  
Phantom Rancher, The  
Pioneers of the West  
Radio Ranch  
Rancho Grande  
Rhythm of the Rio Grande  
Sagebrush Family Trails West,  
The  
Saint's Double Trouble  
Saps at Sea  
Seventeen  
Showdown, The  
Shooting High  
Ski Patrol  
Son of the Navy  
South of the Border  
Special Inspector  
Stage Coach War  
Star Dust  
Suicide Legion  
Swiss Family Robinson  
Texas Renegades  
Texas Stagecoach  
Tomboy  
Village Barn Dance  
Viva Cisco Kid  
Young as You Feel  
Young Buffalo Bill  
Young Tom Edison  
Zanzibar